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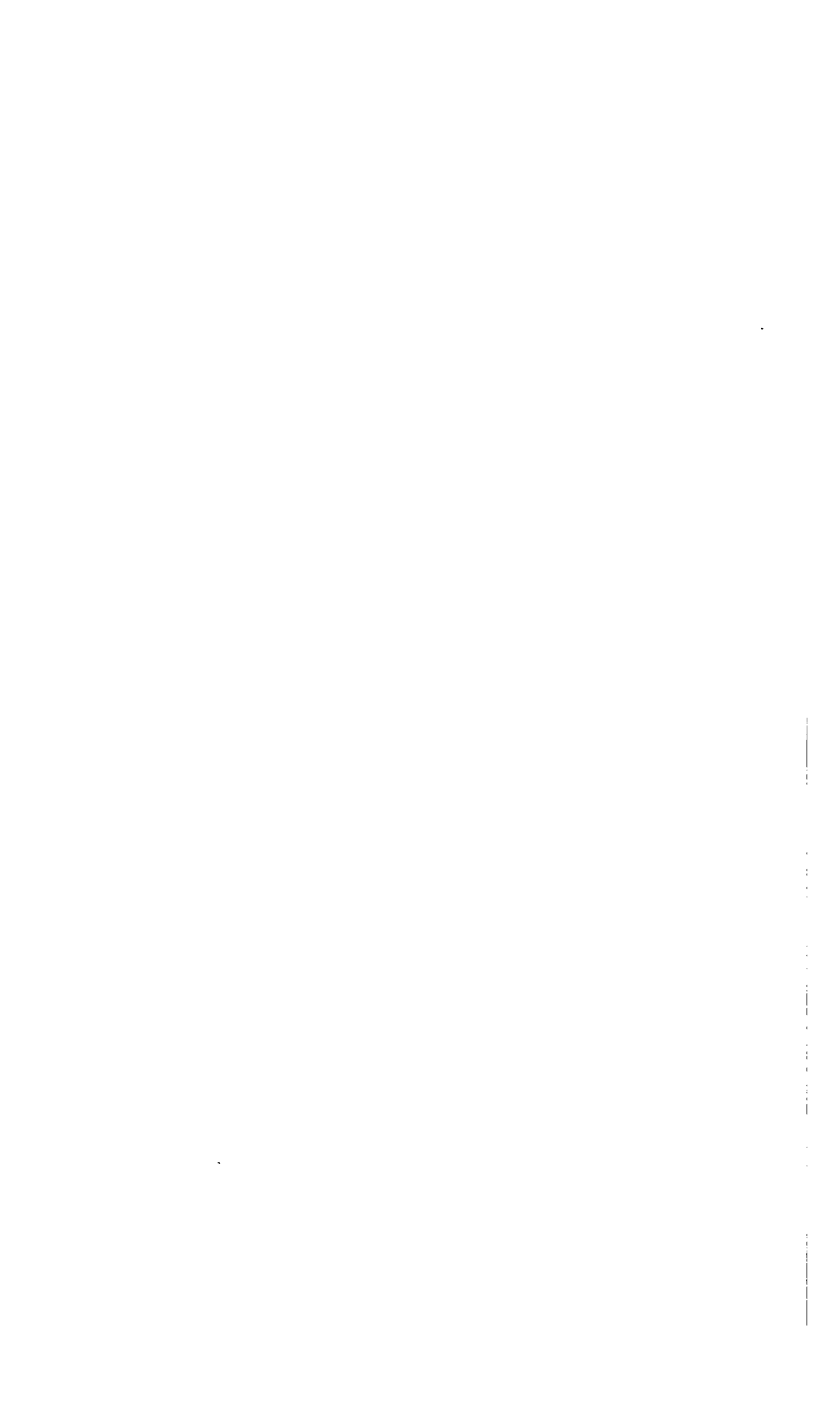
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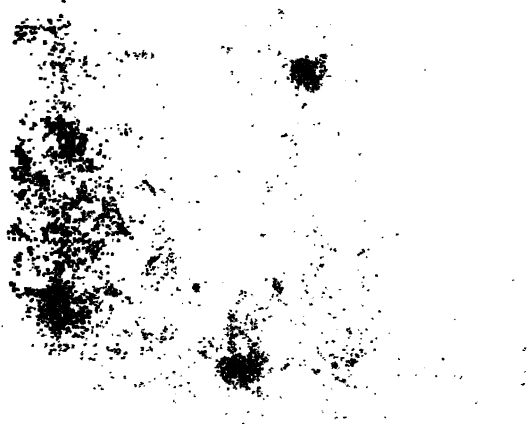


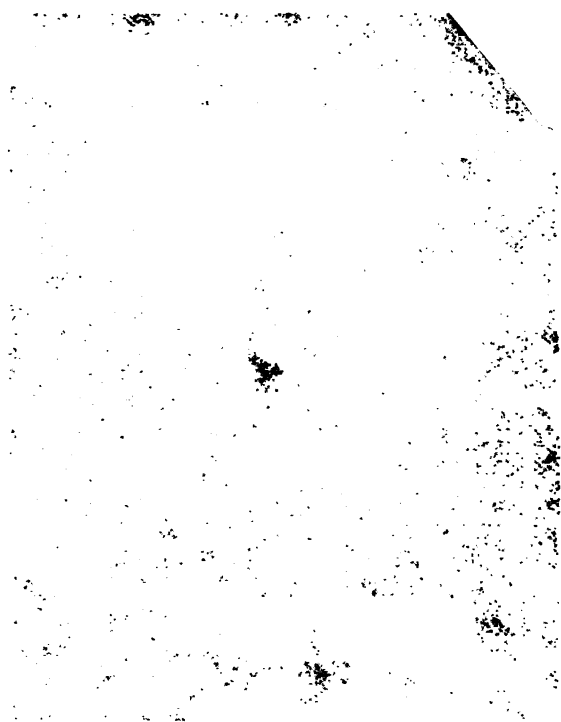


DON FRANCESCO'S ESCAPE.

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THE
LIVES AND EXPLOITS
OF
BANDITTI AND ROBBERS,
BY
C. MAC FARLANE, ESQ.
VOL. II.



The Buccaneers of Panama.

Vol. II. Part II.

LONDON: EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET,
AND J. ANDREWS, NEW BOND STREET.
1833.



THE
LIVES AND EXPLOITS
OF
BANDITTI AND ROBBERS

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

BY
C. MAC FARLANE, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1829," AND "THE ROMANCE
OF ITALIAN HISTORY."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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LIVES AND EXPLOITS
OF
BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.

VOL. II.

B



LIVES OF BANDITTI,

&c.

SICILIAN BRIGANDS.

THE beautiful island of Sicily, which has generally had the fortune to be as badly governed as southern Italy—almost as often subjected to foreign invasion and conquest, also abounds, like Calabria, on the opposite side of the Faro, in mountains of most difficult access, and wild swamps, once fertile plains, that aided the island in its acquisition of its proud title of “The Granary of Rome,” and has consequently abounded with banditti and men of the most desperate characters. Save in one solitary instance, there is little, however, in the lives of the Sicilian robbers, different from those of their near neighbours the Calabrians. Their mode of plundering, their places of retreat, their general habits of life were the same; but

they have not been so fortunate as the Continental freebooters, in having good narrators of their exploits, nor have I been so lucky as to find one good eye-witness account of them.

The first of the two anecdotes I have selected, came to me in the way of oral tradition, and the name of the hero has escaped me.

The peculiarity of this Sicilian robber's case is, that he did everything single-handed—he commanded no band, but *mannequins*, or large puppets the size of life, made and dressed up by himself, were his passive but effective satellites. He must have been an artist of considerable ingenuity, for his figures were perfect as far as brigand costume and ferocity of expression went. Their eyes were large and staring, their whiskers most tremendous, and their mouths, of course, were never seen to relax with a smile of good-nature.

His plan of operation was simply this. He set up his puppets against a bank or hillock by some rough road-side, or among bushes or thickets hanging over the road—he contrived to make them hold long guns pointed down on the road, and their daggers and *couteaux de chasse* were visible in their bosoms or girdles. His position was always chosen where the road or mountain-path

(for there was nothing in the interior of the island deserving the name of road) was broken and tortuous, and where passengers would come suddenly in view of his troop and be covered by their musketry at the turn of a corner. While they remained more immovable even than Austrian sentinels at their post, he kept a sharp look-out from a point whence he could see the approaches by the road on both sides. If the travellers were numerous and well-armed, he withdrew his men, like a prudent commander, and hid them and himself in the thicket; but if those who approached were less formidable, he placed himself by the side of his steady troop, and when the timid wayfarers popped upon the appalling spectacle of their fierce faces, and murderous guns that seemed just going to be fired at them, he rushed upon them, well-armed as he always was, and made them perform the "*faccia in terra*" evolution, which they readily did, under the impression that they would be shot by the figures on the road-side if they disobeyed. He then made them give up their money or what moveable things of value they might have with them; and this also they did with promptitude, thinking a whole band of robbers kept guard over them. As soon as this agreeable operation was performed, he ordered

them to rise and return the way they had come, swearing by the most tremendous oaths, that he among them who should dare to look back, was a dead man !

When the despoiled had departed, he relieved his guard, carried off and concealed his never murmuring adherents, until he should again think proper to take the field, and instead of dividing the spoils with greedy comrades, he put them all into his own pocket.

Numerous were the robberies committed by the solitary Sicilian in this ingenious manner, and as he was continually changing his scene of action, the whole island soon rang with the fame of his formidable band. Yet, do what they would, Government could never trace them. Even when, as at times it happened, a military force was in the neighbourhood of the place where the depredation was committed, and sent in pursuit with the greatest alacrity, they never could come up with the banditti. Nor could promises or threats, or actual violence and torture ever extract from the shepherds or the peasantry, scattered about spots supposed likely to be their haunts, a confession that they had ever supplied the dangerous band with food—had ever even seen them. It may well

be conceived that the pardon of accomplices and rewards offered to such of the band as would return to society, and "turn King's evidence" (as our Newgate phrase goes), were all thrown away, and that none of the robber's gang would betray him.

The trick, however, was detected at last. One day a considerable armed force came so suddenly upon the ingenious chief, who had not, perhaps, chosen his spot with his usual felicity, that he had not time to withdraw his faithful adherents before the *cacciatori*, or sharp-shooters, were in front of them, and within rifle-shot, summoning them to surrender.

"Lay down your arms and submit," cried the captain of the troop, "and no evil shall befall you from us—justice will deal with you, and our Government is merciful !

There was no answer returned, and as the officer saw the robbers' guns still levelled at him and his men, he gave the word of command.

"Present arms !"

The *cacciatori* levelled their rifles, but to their surprise the robbers neither spoke nor retreated, nor dipped behind the bushes, but stood there like targets to be shot at.

"Fire!" cried the captain.

The soldiers discharged their pieces. One of the robbers fell, another staggered, and remained declining from the perpendicular, but the others were as fixed as before, and to the no small surprise of the soldiers did not even return their fire.

The captain and his men thought they were entranced—fixed by a spell, or else planning some desperate manœuvre, nor did they fire again, until they had well looked to their flanks and rear, expecting an ambushed attack by others of this Pythagorean band.

At the second volley three more of the robbers fell, and then the soldiers boldly rushed forward to the thicket—when they had the satisfaction to find that they had been kept in awe by puppets, and had been firing at jackets and breeches stuffed with straw, two of which fierce figures, still alert, seemed to defy them to do their worst!

The mover of the *marionette* bandits had meanwhile made good his escape, but he was caught, sometime after the destruction of his band, in the commission of some paltry footpad robbery, and sent to the galleys, where he used afterwards to amuse his companions in captivity by relating his

wonderful exploits as capo-bandito, or robber-chief.*

The second anecdote is worth slight mention.

A friend of mine, a young English merchant, tolerably well acquainted with Sicily and its language, travelling some years ago in the interior of the island, had to pass a place that for some months had enjoyed a disagreeable notoriety as being fre-

* This trick has been repeated in our days in the South of France—but, if I remember well, the perpetrator of it was either a Sicilian or a Neapolitan. “My companions in the diligence,” said the late Mr. Henry Matthews, who was travelling at the time from Montpellier to Beziers, “were all on the *qui vive*, for the carriage had been stopped and robbed two evenings before by a single footpad. This fellow had practised a most ingenious stratagem to effect his purpose. He manufactured ten men of straw, and drew them up in the road in battle array; and advancing some distance before them, he ordered the diligence to stop, threatening if the least resistance was offered, to call up his companions and put all the passengers to death. In this manner he laid the whole party under contribution, among whom were two Spanish merchants, whose purses were heavily laden.”—*Diary of an Invalid*, p. 405. I have heard this story much better told. My narrator dwelt particularly on the rage of one of the passengers, a French officer—a *vieille moustache*—on his discovering that he had been terrified into, or out of discretion—*par dix hommes de paille*!

quented by an association that levied contributions on the road, and occasionally forgot that commandment which saith "Thou shalt do no murder." About the hour of noon he reached a solitary taverna on the side of a lofty mountain, and here, though he knew it was the very worst place on his journey, he was obliged to stop to rest his tired mules. Making a virtue of necessity, my friend followed the very sinister-looking Boniface of the miserable inn to a little room, where a table was soon spread for him. The house afforded nothing but eggs, garlic, a little macaroni, some sour bread and sourer wine; but like an experienced traveller he had brought a good basket with him, and this being handed in, he began to make a hearty meal. He was considerably advanced in this pleasant operation, and, having swallowed a glass or two of generous Faro wine, was becoming very indifferent to banditti and the dangers of the road, when he was startled by a loud fierce voice speaking outside of the inn. He ran to the window, but on looking out, he only saw his muleteer, who had evidently been disturbed in a slumber, rubbing his eyes, and the brawny back of a tall man who was gliding into the house. He thought the latter might be the landlord, and returned to

his seat and table, but before he could carry the next morsel to his mouth, he heard heavy footsteps approaching the door—in the next moment, the door flew open, and a man of almost gigantic stature, with a long gun in his hand, a brace of pistols and a long knife in his girdle, entered the room. My friend started up. The intruder eyed him from head to foot, and his countenance, before none of the mildest, now relaxed, and he said, “Oh! you are an Englishman, are you?—Pray don’t let me disturb you.” He was about to turn out of the room when my friend, recovering his presence of mind, paid him the compliment, never omitted in Sicily or the South of Italy when one is found eating, of inviting him to partake with him. The intruder declined, but my friend not confining himself to a mere empty compliment (and among the Sicilians and Neapolitans it is no more) pressed him to share his meal, and the stranger, placing his long gun by his side, sat down.

He declined partaking of a pasticcio, or meat-pie, because it was a fast day, but accepted of some good biscuit and English cheese, which he declared to be excellent, and drank freely enough of the Faro wine.

By degrees, the two became very sociable. They

talked about the English army that had been in Sicily, (almost the only place I have had the fortune to visit, where the English have left grateful hearts behind them;) then of the Neapolitans, whom the stranger of course hated; then of one thing, and then of another, until my friend alluded to the state of the roads and the banditti.

"You are safe from them," said the stranger, touching my friend's glass with his own, "take my word for that! I am their chief—Don Cesare!"

My friend, though he had some slight suspicion or misgiving, concealed his emotion as much as he could, and even went so far as to mutter the formula of politeness—that he was much honoured in making his acquaintance. He could not, however, conceal his real feelings from the quick-eyed Sicilian, who said, as though his delicacy was hurt by his suspicion, "*Signor, mi fate torto*: Sir, you wrong me; I would not, for the wealth of all Palermo, hurt a hair of your head, or take from you, without your free will, so much as this bit of biscuit. I have served your countrymen—I wish they were back again. I have eaten their bread, and though circumstances have made me what I am, I will continue to be the friend of every Englishman I meet."

Quite tranquillized by these words, and the earnest manner in which the brigand uttered them, my friend gave appropriate thanks, and then made free to ask what were the circumstances that had driven him to such a dangerous profession? The robber replied without any shyness.

It appeared that Don Cesare was one of those Sicilians who, when the Neapolitans made their revolution in 1820, aimed at still further changes, or at rendering their island independent of the continental kingdom to which it has been so long linked. These men, who were very numerous, would hear nothing of the benefits of that constitution which their fellow subjects, the Neapolitans; without knowing what it was, had adopted from the Spaniards, but insisted on separating from them and erecting Sicily into one independent State, with a King and constitution of its own. In attempting to effect this, much crime and cruelty were committed, much blood was shed; and, be it said in justice, considerable determination and valour shown by the lower order of the Sicilians, particularly at Palermo, where for some time they kept at bay a whole Neapolitan army, commanded by General Florestan Pepe, a brother to, but an abler man than, William Pepe, the hero of Rieti.

The Sicilian patriots, however, could not succeed ; and, not many months after, when the Neapolitan Constitution was "whistled down the wind," and old King Ferdinand repristinated, that Sovereign thought fit to investigate the offences of his Sicilian subjects. Some were arrested and thrown into prison ; some hid themselves, and some, among whom was my friend's acquaintance, Don Cesare, fled to the mountains, and turned brigands.

When my friend's curiosity was satisfied on this head, he ventured to express his surprise at the liberty of range the robber allowed himself, and to ask if he were not afraid the people of the country would lay hands on him ? To this, Don Cesare said, that besides his own gun and knife, he had always the arms of others near him ; that in a minute he could surround the house where they were with his trusty followers ; and that as to the country people they knew their own interests too well to interfere with those who never harmed them, and who, after all, were nothing less than unfortunate honest men that had attempted to rid the island of the Neapolitans.

By this time my friend's refreshed mules were at the door of the hostel ; so, thanking Don Cesare for his civility and communicativeness, as that pre-

paratory step to every departure from an inn, he called the ill-looking Boniface for his bill. The host only followed the usual practice, by asking a young Englishman somewhat more than double what he would have asked a Sicilian. My friend, without a remark, drew out his purse: the robber snatched it from him, and shut it up in his broad, horny hand. "*Non, Signor! non sara mai!*" No, Sir, this shall never be—the account is not just," said he; and then turning to the host, he bade him have a conscience, and not assassinate a stranger, and an Englishman, in that way.

The innkeeper muttered something: my friend, who did not wish to have words about what after all was a mere trifle, not amounting to more than five or six shillings, begged for his purse, that he might pay the demand; but the robber would suffer no such thing, and still clenching the money in his fist, he turned again to Boniface, and said, he would *fare il conto*, or make the bill.

This accordingly he did, marking the articles, such as "a feed for two mules," "ditto for one muleteer," "bread," "fried eggs," &c. on his fingers, and then putting the precise price to each, he summed up a total which might have met the approbation of even Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. He

next counted out the money into the palm of the host, who seemed not to dare to make any other remark, and twisting up my friend's purse as though it was never more to be opened, he restored it to him with a short piece of Italian advice to be more careful of its contents.

At the inn door he helped my friend to mount his mule, and when he offered him his hand, and would have bidden him farewell, the robber whispered—"No, we must not part company so soon; there are others may meet you between this and the next town; I will see you in safety."

They then went on, the robber striding by the side of my friend's mule, and talking all the way in a cheerful tone. They had not gone much more than a mile when three wild-looking fellows were seen descending from the mountain's side towards the road, which there ran through a deep winding hollow. As these men approached, they called on the travellers to stop, and had levelled their guns at them, when Don Cesare, who had been concealed from them by the mule, and the person of my friend, stepped forward in the road, showed himself, waved his hand backward, and cried out in a voice like thunder, "*In dietro canaglia! iddi sun*

amici ! Santu Diavoluni ! in dietro !*" or, "Back you blackguards, these are friends ! Saint Devil ! get ye back !" The three ruffians recovered their guns, threw them over their shoulders, and without saying a word returned up the mountain.

The robber-chief took no notice of what had happened, but walking a little ahead of the mules that he might be seen, continued in conversation on indifferent subjects until they came to a fair piece of newly-made road, inclosed on either side by magnificent hedges (common things in Sicily and Calabria,) composed of the gigantic aloes, Indian-fig plants, and high flowering geraniums. "Here you are safe," said the robber, grasping my friend's hand ; "this road winds round the hill to the town of San Giovanni, and here we must part !"

"Yes," said the muleteer, addressing my friend, "Yes, Don Giorgio, it is only a quarter of an hour to San Giovanni !"

* I do not know why, but the Sicilians and Calabrians have made his Satanic Majesty a Saint. *Santu diavolu*, with its augmentative *Santu diavoluni*, is continually in the mouth of both. It is as much their habitual oath as certain two monosyllables are those of the English.

“Don Giorgio!” said the outlaw: “is that your name? It is the name of your King whom I have served! *Addio Don Giorgio! che la Madonna vi accompagni!* (May the blessed Virgin go with you,)” and giving a last friendly squeeze to my friend’s hand, he turned back, shouting as he went, “*Viva il Re Giorgio!*” Long live King George!

He had not been gone many minutes, when my friend heard one of those long shrill whistles which the Sicilians and Calabrians are particularly expert in producing, by applying their fingers to their tongue and lips. The young Englishman turned his head, and presently saw above the hill round which he was winding, the gigantic figure of the outlaw, accompanied by three other men, striding up the mountain. The chief also happened to turn his head nearly at the same instant. He waved a silk handkerchief, and again shouting “*Viva il Re Giorgio!*” thus took his last farewell!

The muleteer, who had preserved a respectful silence, only broken by a word or two, as long as the outlaw was with them, now gave way to his tongue. “Don Cesare,” said he, “is a robber—

there is no doubt of that ; some say an assassin, though, for my part, I believe he has only killed five or six Neapolitans ; but there is much that is good in him for all that !”

After my friend's experience, it was not for him to contradict the muleteer's assertion.

SPANISH BRIGANDS.

FOR Brigands, Spain stands next in rank to the Kingdom of Naples and the States of the Church. The reasons are too obvious to require any explanation here. In comparing the Italian with the Spanish bands, from the accounts I have read and heard, I should be inclined to say that the latter were generally more brutal and ferocious, and less romantic—if, after all I have said, the reader will still deem the term romantic at all applicable to the Italian banditti.

I tax my memory in vain to recall any incident in Italy where a band of robbers behaved with such cowardly, disgusting atrocity, as did the Spaniards in a rencounter related by an eye-witness, and a gentleman every way worthy of credit.

The following is the account taken verbatim from "A Year in Spain, by a Young American," a clever, amusing, and instructive work.

The young American, an officer of the United

States Navy, was travelling from Tarragona towards Valentia, by the Spanish diligence or stage coach. It was night, and he was awakened from sleep and a pleasant dream of his home, by the sudden stopping of the cumbrous vehicle, and by the noise of angry voices on the road.

"I roused myself," says he, "rubbed my eyes, and directed them out of the windows. By the light of a lantern that blazed from the top of the diligence, I could discover that this part of the road was skirted by olive trees, and that the mules, having come in contact with some obstacle to their progress, had been thrown into confusion, and stood huddled together, as if afraid to move, gazing upon each other, with pricked ears and frightened aspect. A single glance to the right hand gave a clue to the mystery. Just beside the fore wheel of the diligence stood a man dressed in that wild garb of Valencia which I had seen for the first time in Amposta. His red cap, which flaunted far down his back, was in front drawn closely over his forehead, and his striped manta, instead of being rolled round him, hung unembarrassed from one shoulder. Whilst his left leg was thrown forward in preparation, a musket was levelled in his hands, along the barrel of which his eye glared fiercely upon the

visage of the conductor. On the other side, the scene was somewhat different. Pepe, being awake when the interruption took place, was at once sensible of its nature. He had abandoned the reins, and jumped from his seat to the road side, intending to escape among the trees. Unhappy youth, that he should not have accomplished his purpose! He was met by the muzzle of a musket when he had scarce touched the ground, and a third ruffian appearing at the same moment from the treacherous concealment of the very trees towards which he was flying, he was effectually taken and brought round into the road, where he was made to stretch himself upon his face, as had already been done with the conductor.

“I could now distinctly hear one of these robbers—for such they were—inquire in Spanish of the mayoral as to the number of passengers; if any were armed; whether there was any money in the diligence; and then, as a conclusion to the interrogatory, demanding *La bolsa!* in a more angry tone. The poor fellow meekly obeyed. He raised himself high enough to draw a large leathern purse from an inner pocket, and, stretching his hand upward to deliver it, said, *Toma usted caballero, pero no me quita usted la vida!* ‘Take it, cava-

her; but do not take away my life!' The robber, however, was pitiless. Bringing a stone from a large heap collected for the repair of the road, he fell to beating the mayoral upon the head with it. The unhappy man sent forth the most piteous cries for *misericordia* and *piedad*. He might as well have asked pity of the stone that smote him, as of the wretch who wielded it. In his agony he invoked *Jesu Christo*, *Santiago Apostol y Martir*, *La Virgin del Pilar*, and all those sacred names held in awful reverence by the people, and most likely to arrest the rage of his assassin. All in vain: the murderer redoubled his blows, until growing furious in the task, he laid his musket beside him, and worked with both hands upon his victim. The cries for pity which blows had first excited, blows at length quelled. They had gradually increased with the suffering to the most terrible shrieks, then declined into low and inarticulate moans, until a deep-drawn and agonized gasp for breath and an occasional convulsion alone remained to show that the vital principle had not yet departed.

"It fared even worse with Pepe, though, instead of the cries for pity, which had availed the mayoral so little, he uttered nothing but low moans that

died away in the dust beneath him. One might have thought that the extreme youth of the lad would have insured him compassion: but no such thing. The robbers were doubtless of Amposta, and, being known to him, dreaded discovery. When both the victims had been rendered insensible, there was a short pause, and a consultation in a low tone between the ruffians; who then proceeded to execute their plans. The first went round to the left side of the diligence, and, having unhooked the iron shoe and placed it under the wheel, as an additional security against escape, opened the door of the interior, and, mounted on the steps, I could hear him distinctly utter a terrible threat in Spanish, and demand an ounce of gold from each of the passengers. This was answered by an expostulation from the Valencian shopkeeper, who said that they had not so much money, but what they had would be given willingly. There was then a jingling of purses, some pieces dropping on the floor in the hurry and agitation of the moment. Having remained a short time at the door of the interior, he did not come to the cabriolet, but passed at once to the rotunda. Here he used greater caution, doubtless from having seen the evening before, at Amposta, that it con-

tained no women, but six young students, who were all stout fellows. They were made to come down, one by one, from their stronghold, deliver their money and watches, and then lie flat upon their faces in the road.

“Meanwhile, the second robber, after consulting with his companion, returned to the spot where the zagal Pepe lay rolling from side to side. As he went towards him, he drew a knife from the folds of his sash, and having opened it, placed one of his naked legs on either side of his victim. Pushing aside the jacket of the youth, he bent forward and dealt him repeated blows in every part of the body. The young priest, my companion, shrunk back shuddering into his corner, and hid his face within his trembling fingers; but my own eyes seemed spell-bound, for I could not withdraw them from the cruel spectacle, and my ears were more sensible than ever. Though the windows at the front and sides were still closed, I could distinctly hear each stroke of the murderous knife, as it entered its victim. It was not a blunt sound as of a weapon that meets with positive resistance; but a hissing noise, as if the household implement, made to part the bread of peace, performed unwillingly its task of treachery.

This moment was the unhappiest of my life ; and it struck me at the time, that if any situation could be more worthy of pity than to die the dog's death of poor Pepe, it was to be compelled to witness his fate, without the power to aid him.

“ Having completed the deed to his satisfaction, this cold-blooded murderer came to the door of the cabriolet, and endeavoured to open it. He shook it violently, calling to us to assist him ; but it had chanced hitherto that we had always got out on the other side, and the young priest, who had never before been in a diligence, thought, from the circumstance, that there was but one door, and therefore answered the fellow that he must go to the other side. On the first arrival of these unwelcome visitors, I had taken a valuable watch which I wore from my waistcoat-pocket, and slipped it into my boot ; but when they fell to beating in the heads of our guides, I bethought me that the few dollars I carried in my purse might not satisfy them, and replaced it again in readiness to be delivered at the shortest notice. These precautions were, however, unnecessary. The third ruffian, who had continued to make the circuit of the diligence with his musket in his hand, paused a moment in the road ahead of us, and having

placed his head to the ground as if to listen, presently came and spoke in an under tone to his companions. They stood for a moment over the mayoral, and struck his head with the butts of their muskets, whilst the fellow who had before used the knife returned to make a few farewell thrusts, and in another moment they had all disappeared from around us.

“In consequence of the darkness, which was only partially dispelled in front of the diligence by the lantern which had enabled me to see what occurred so immediately before me, we were not at once sensible of the departure of the robbers, but continued near half an hour after their disappearance in the same situation in which they left us. The short breathings and the chattering of teeth, lately so audible from within the interior, gradually subsided, and were succeeded by whispers of the females, and soon after by words pronounced in a louder tone; whilst our mangled guides, by groans and writhings, gave evidence of returning animation. My companion and I slowly let down the windows beside us, and, having looked round a while, opened the door and descended. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left, and those within sat each in his place in anxious con-

versation. In the rear of the coach was a black heap on the ground, which I presently recognised for the six students who had occupied the rotunda, and who, lying flat upon their faces, made the oddest figure one can conceive, rolled up in their black cloaks, with their cocked-hats of the same solemn colour emerging at intervals from out the heap. As we came cautiously towards them, they whispered among each other, and then first one lifted his head to look at us, and then another, until finding that we were their fellow-travellers, they all rose at once like a cloud, notwithstanding a threat which the robbers had made to them at their departure, to wait by the road-side and shoot down the first who should offer to stir. It will readily occur to the reader that if resistance to this bold and bloody deed could have been made at all, it might have been by these six young men, who, being together and acquainted with each other, might have acted in concert, whereas the rest of the party were as completely separated as though they had been in distinct vehicles. But if it be considered that they had been awakened suddenly by armed ruffians, that they were destitute of weapons, and knew not the number of their assailants,

it will appear more natural that they should have acted precisely as they did.

“Our first care, when thus left to ourselves, was to see if any thing could be done for our unfortunate guides. We found them rolling over in the dust and moaning inarticulately, excepting that the conductor would occasionally murmur forth some of those sainted names whose aid he had vainly invoked in the moment of tribulation. Having taken down the light from the top of the coach, we found them so much disfigured with bruises and with blood, that recognition would have been impossible. The finery of poor Pepe, his silver buttons and his sash of silk, were scarcely less disfigured than his features. There happened to be in our party a student of medicine, who now took the lead in the Samaritan office of binding, with pieces of linen and pocket-handkerchiefs, the wounds of these unhappy men. While thus engaged, we heard the noise of footsteps in the direction of Amposta, and shortly after a man came up with a musket in his hand. Having heard our story, and inquired the route which we supposed the robbers to have taken, he discharged his musket several times in that direction. He wore a mongrel kind

of uniform, and proved to be one of the *resguardo*, or armed police, which is scattered over the country for the prevention of smuggling, and the protection of lives and property; but its members receiving a salary insufficient for their support, as is the case with almost all the inferior servants of the Spanish crown, are obliged to increase their means the best or worst way they can, and are often leagued in practices which it is their business to suppress. It would perhaps be bold to say that this man was either directly or indirectly engaged with those who had just robbed us; but his appearance at this conjuncture was both sudden and singular.

“ The tragedy over, a farce succeeded which lasted until daylight. Many carts and waggons that were passing on the road came to a halt about us; but we could not proceed on our journey, nor could the bleeding guides be removed from the road, until the *alcalde* of the nearest town should appear and take cognizance of the outrage. He came at length, a fat little man, with a red cockade in his hat, in token of the loyalty which had doubtless procured him his office. He commenced his examination of the scene of bloodshed with an air of professional coolness which showed that this was

not the first time he had been called from bed on such an occasion. He put his hand into the puddle of blood beside the mayoral, and gave the stone with which his head had been battered in care to one of his attendants. This done, one of the carts which had halted near us was put in requisition to carry off the poor fellows, who had now lain rolling and weltering in the dust for more than two hours. There was some difficulty to get the people who stood by to lift the bodies into the cart, and we were ourselves obliged to perform the task. I afterwards learned, that in Spain a person found near the body of a murdered man is subject to detection and imprisonment, either as a witness, or as one suspected of the crime; and it is owing to this singular fact that Spaniards, instead of hurrying to lend succour, avoid a murdered man as they would avoid a murderer. Indeed it may be doubted whether in Spain the law be not more dreaded by the peaceful inhabitant than the very robbers and murderers from whom it should protect him. Hence it is, that now, as in the time of Gil Blas, the word *Justicia*, which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder.

“ These painful scenes at length had an end, and

the cart, into which the guides had been placed, returned slowly towards Amposta. Before it drove away, the mayoral showed symptoms of returning sensibility; but Pepe seemed in his last agony. Two soldiers of the *resguardo* took their places to conduct the diligence; and when the rope which the robbers had stretched across the road from tree to tree had been removed, the mules were again set in motion, hurrying from the scene of disaster, as though they had been sensible of its horrors. The day had now completely dawned, and the sun, rising into a cloudless sky, shone abroad upon a fertile country and the peaceful scenes of cultivation. There was little, however, in the change to inspire cheerfulness or consolation; for if nature looked so fair, man sank in the comparison.

“The first place we came to was San Carlos, one of the *new villages* established by the patriotic Olavide. We halted in the public place, which stood in the form of an amphitheatre, and were soon surrounded by all the village worthies to hear, once and again, from the now loquacious students, the story of our misfortunes. It was, however, no novelty to them; and when they had seen us entering the town, driven by the cut-throat

resguardo, who held muskets in their hands instead of whips, they were all, doubtless, as certain of what had happened as when in possession of the details. The alcalde of San Carlos came forth with especial consequence to receive official information of the outrage; then, consulting with the rusty commandant of a few ragged soldiers who composed the garrison, part of them were sent off to search for the robbers, already snug a-bed, perhaps, in Amposta, and part were ordered to accompany the diligence to Vinaroz, where our mules were to be changed.

“Vinaroz is quite a large town, and, as we entered it, the inhabitants were in a buzz of anxious curiosity, at the unusual detention of the diligence. We had scarce stopped ere we were completely hemmed in by a questioning crowd; so, leaving my Catalan companions to find consolation in imparting their sorrows, I pushed my way through groups of half-naked Valencians, royalist volunteers of most unprepossessing appearance, and greasy monks of Saint Francis, until, having cleared the crowd and reached the court-yard, I mounted at once to the eating-room of the posada. Here were parties of travellers still more interested in the story of our misfortune than those below, who

had merely an idle curiosity to gratify. Two Catalan gentlemen, who were travelling from Madrid to Barcelona in their own carriage, cross-questioned me as to the dangers that lay in the road before them, and, in return for the consolation I imparted, told me that the same thing might happen to me any day in Spain; that in La Mancha the robbers no longer skulked among the trees and bushes, like snakes, but patrolled the country on horseback and at a gallop; that hitherto I had passed along the sea-coast, where the country was well cultivated and populous, and the inns good; but that towards Madrid I should find a naked plain, destitute of trees, of water, of houses, and of cultivation; with inns still more miserable than the poverty of the country justified; and, learning at last that no motive of business or necessity had brought me into Spain, they wondered that I should have left the kind looks and words, the comforts and security which meet the stranger in France, to roam over a country which they frankly owned was fast relapsing into barbarity. I half wondered at myself, and, dreading further discouragement from these sorry comforters, abandoned their society, to seek something to eat; for,

in consequence of the detention we everywhere met with, it would be three in the afternoon before we should reach Torre Blanca, the usual stopping-place of the diligence. There was fish frying in some part of the house, and now, as I scented my way to the kitchen, I thought that there was still a consolation.

“ The kitchen of the posada at Vinaroz offered a scene of unusual confusion. The hostess was no other than the mother of Pepe, a very decent-looking Catalan woman, who, I understood, had been sent there the year before by the Diligence Company, which is concerned in all the inns at which their coaches stop throughout the line. She had already been told of the probable fate of her son, and was preparing to set off for Amposta in the deepest affliction; and yet her sorrow, though evidently real, was singularly combined with her habitual household cares. The unusual demand for breakfast by fourteen hungry passengers had created some little confusion, and the poor woman, instead of leaving these matters to take care of themselves, felt the force of habit, and was issuing a variety of orders to her assistant; nor was she unmindful of her appearance, but had already

changed her frock and stockings, and thrown on her mantilla, preparatory to departure. It was indeed a singular and piteous sight to see the poor perplexed woman changing some fish that were frying, lest they should be burnt on one side, adjusting and repinning her mantilla, and sobbing and crying all the while. When the man came, however, to say that the mule was in readiness, every thing was forgotten but the feelings of the mother, and she hurried off in deep and unsuppressed affliction.

“ So long as the daylight lasted, our road continued to follow the general line of the coast, and passed through a country of vines and olives, which, by its fertility and laboured cultivation, began already to indicate the fair kingdom of Valencia, the garden of Spain, so renowned throughout all Europe. The season, though much later than in Catalonia, and still more so than in Provence, was nevertheless the season of decaying cultivation, and nature was beginning to put on a graver dress. There was enough in this and in the events of the past night to promote melancholy, had other causes been wanting; but the whole road was skirted with stone crosses, that had been raised opposite to as many scenes of

robbery and assassination.* They were rudely fashioned from blocks of stone, with a short inscription cut on each, simply mentioning *aquí mataron* (here they killed) such a person on such a day and year; and almost every one had a stone upon it in a hollow which had been gradually worn there. This usage, which is not peculiar to Spain, is variously accounted for. Some say that it originates in a desire to cover the ashes of the dead. But such cannot be the cause here, since the bodies of the people thus murdered are not buried by the road side, but in the *campo santo* of a neighbouring village. It is also asserted that a superstitious feeling leads to the placing of a stone in this manner, as an evidence of detestation towards the murderer. Be it as it may, the continual occurrence of these crosses, placed singly or

- * “ And here and there, as up the crag you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath;
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.”

Childe Harold.

in groups of two or three along the road to Valencia, seemed to me to corroborate that character for perfidy which the Valencians bear throughout Spain. It furnished a well-filled index of treachery and murder, of avarice, revenge, and all those darker passions which degrade our nature. Many of the crosses were very old; others bore date in the last century; many denoted the murderous struggle for independence in later times, whilst a still greater number had been erected in the turbulent period of the Constitution, and bore testimony to the fury of religious and political fanaticism. As we passed rapidly along, I glanced with a feverish interest at each, whilst my fancy, taking the brief inscription as a text, and calling up the recollections of the night before, endeavoured to furnish forth the story of disaster.

“ At Torre Blanca, as at every place we came to during the remainder of the journey, there was a most annoying scene caused by the garrulity of the students and the curiosity of the gossiping inhabitants. Acting upon the principle of shutting the stable door after the steed was stolen, the military commandant of the town ordered four ill-fed dragoons to mount on as many worse-fed horses, and accompany us to Villareal. Though the num-

ber of these soldiers was so limited, there was as great a variety in their caps and uniforms as though they had belonged to different corps. Some had boots with spurs on the heels, others laced shoes with a spur on the right foot ; and, instead of snug valises of leather, they had old canvass saddle-bags tied to their saddles. To make up for the pooriness of their accoutrements, they had long black moustaches, and eyes of fire that were constantly on the look-out for enemies ; and when there were any objects of suspicious appearance in the road before us, they would prepare their carbines, and, kicking their jaded beasts into a gallop, hurry forward in a way that showed that good looks were the least of their qualifications."

POLINARIO.*

My next anecdote of Spanish robbers is, however, of a more agreeable character. It is also extracted from the work of a recent traveller, from Mr. Inglis's "Spain in 1830." Our countryman in the course of his peregrinations, stopped one night at a *posada*, or inn, in the south of Spain, and sat down to sup at a sort of *table d'hôte*, with such company as had gathered at the said place of repose and refecton.

"Towards the conclusion of supper, a guest of no small importance took his place at the table: this was no other than the celebrated Polinario, during eleven years the dread of half Spain, and now following the honest calling of guard of the Seville diligence. I never saw a finer man, or one whose appearance more clearly indicated the profession which he had abandoned. I could not help fancying that his countenance expressed a certain lawlessness of mind, and contempt of peaceable

* My ingenious friend Mr. Planché has made this anecdote the ground-work of his drama, "The Compact."



Banditti and Robbers.



POLINARIO AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

persons like myself, which an assumed suavity of manner was unable altogether to conceal: this suavity of manner is, however, very remarkable, and I believe is in perfect accordance with his conduct when a robber; for Polinario was never guilty of any act of wanton cruelty or barbarity, but along with the most fearless courage, he always evinced a certain forbearance, not uncommon among Spanish banditti; but in him, having a deeper seat than the mock civility of a Spanish thief, arising rather from a softness at heart, which afterwards led to a change in his mode of life. The history of this change is curious, and I pledge myself for its authenticity.

“ The usual range of Polinario was the northern part of the Sierra Morena and the southern parts of La Mancha; and here he remained during eleven years.

“ A few years ago, understanding that the Archbishop of Gaen would pass the Sierra Morena in his carriage, without other attendants than his servants, he lay in wait for the prelate, and stopped his carriage. The archbishop of course delivered his money; and Polinario having received it, asked his blessing: upon this, the archbishop began to remonstrate with the robber, setting forth the heinousness of his offences, and the wickedness of his

life : but Polinario interrupted the archbishop, by telling him it was of no use remonstrating upon his manner of life, unless his Grace could obtain a pardon for the past ; because, without this, it was impossible he could change his mode of living.

“ The Archbishop of Gaen is a good man ; and feeling a real desire to assist Polinario in his half-expressed desire of seeking a better way of life, he passed his word that he would obtain for him his Majesty’s pardon ; and Polinario came under a solemn promise to the archbishop, that he would rob no more. In this way the matter stood for eleven months ; for it was eleven months before the archbishop could obtain the pardon he had promised ; and during all this time Polinario was obliged to conceal himself from the pursuit which the offer of a considerable reward had long before instigated. At length, however, the pardon was obtained ; and Polinario was free to lead an honest life. He admits, however, that he is not contented with the change ; and makes no hesitation in saying, that the promise made to the archbishop alone prevents him from returning to his former profession ; but he says the archbishop kept his word to him, and he will keep his word to the archbishop.”

SPANISH BRIGANDS.

(CONTINUED.)

During the peninsular war, Napoleon, who then drew his resources from so many countries, and had established the conscription, and by making war the only profitable occupation, had awakened a military spirit nearly all over Europe, had, as it will be remembered, a number of Italian regiments in the field. Besides the officers of these regiments, many young Italians of good families, particularly Neapolitans, were to be found on the staff of King Joseph, who had done ill, as far as his happiness was concerned, to quit the sure throne of Naples for the very uncertain one of Spain. Though his government was not a very popular one at Naples, during the short time it lasted, the amorous monarch had made such good use of his leisure, and of the lax morality then prevailing, that at his departure for Spain, he was sincerely regretted by a number of gay dames, who, having no longer his liberality to look to, warmly recommended their

brothers, their cousins, &c. to be provided for in his new kingdom. It was curious enough to observe, that in many instances, these young Italians, now sent to assist in the subjugation of Spain by the French, were descended from Spanish families, whose founders had served and found fortune in the Spanish armies that had subdued Italy, and under the great Captain Gonsalvo di Cordóva and others, had established the dominion of Spain in the Milanese and the kingdom of the two Sicilies, in spite of all the efforts of the French. The shoots that Spain had thrown out in foreign conquest, were now returned to strike at her own proud trunk and root ! The hero of the following robber-story was not, however, of Spanish lineage, but descended from an ancient family originally of the Republic of Genoa, and long settled in the kingdom of Naples, where their possessions, particularly in Calabria, were at one time of an enormous extent : nor though on the staff of King Joseph, and a personal favourite of his, did Don Francesco owe his post, or his hopes of advancement, to sister or cousin, or any relation, or connexion, or friend of the female gender whatsoever. The name and rank of his family had had their influence of course, and Joseph, who was far from being either adventurous or courageous him-

self, admired those qualities in others—and there was not a person about him more distinguished by them than the young Italian.

Whenever there was anything daring to be done, whenever there was a message to be carried that required extraordinary speed, of all the aides-de-camp and others, Don Francesco was always the first to offer himself. But there appeared to be no danger whatever, and there was no need for haste when he met with his adventure. The intrusive King had been for some time at Madrid. England had not yet armed Wellington to do wonders, Spain seemed prostrate before the French, and though an occasional deed of blood showed their antipathy to the intruders, the destructive Guerilla warfare was not yet commenced, and though an occasional robbery was heard of, the country was not held as being much infested by banditti, and officers came and went, only accompanied by their orderlies.

Don Francesco was, therefore, despatched one morning, with only one man, a steady, old Polish trooper, to carry some instructions to a small corps of the French army in cantonments, not many miles from Madrid. Having delivered these, he was to visit some outposts scattered round the country, and then return to head-quarters at his own lei-

sure, or rather, there was no precise time fixed for his return. He arrived safely at the cantonments, and having finished his short business, would have proceeded farther that evening, but the Colonel commanding there was a countryman, and an old friend, and he pressed him to stay dinner, and then it was too late to go any farther that night. At the Colonel's table were two young Frenchmen, who talked of relieving the ennui of "country-quarters" the following morning by a shooting excursion, and as the ground they intended to beat was the same over which Don Francesco's road lay, it was agreed, not only that they should start together, but that he, having finished his inspection, should join them, and take a day's sport.

Accordingly, they set off in high spirits the next morning, Don Francesco followed by his staunch Pole, but the French officers with no attendant, save a young, naked-legged Castilian, who carried their game-bags, and acted as guide. They parted company at the head of a little valley or hollow, about two hours before noon. There was no inn or posada near, but a scattered village seemed to lie midway up the hollow, and here it was agreed Don Francesco should join the young Frenchmen early in the evening, and after passing

the night at the village, they were to continue their sport on the morrow. As he rode on his way he heard rather an active firing on the side of his friends, and anxious to have a share of such good sport, he put spurs to his horse, and did not draw rein until he came up to one of the French pickets. He here finished his business in a very short time, and obtaining a fresh horse, proceeded to do the rest of his duty. He now found he had more ground to go over than he had imagined, and when he returned to the post where he had left his own horse, it was much later than he could have wished. To increase his comfort, a serjeant of tirailleurs, who had the command, assured him that in spite of all the troops scattered over the country, the Spaniards were daily becoming bolder, and showing that they detested the French—that a commissary of the army, and an officer of the line, had been assaulted, not many days before, in the very district he had to traverse, and had escaped being murdered almost by miracle; and finally, he added, that even before the French invasion, the place bore a bad name for robbers. The young Neapolitan thought his friends had been rather unlucky in the choice of their shooting-ground; but he could hardly fancy breaking his engagement,

and late as it was, he mounted his own steed, which was by this time well refreshed, and set off at a hand-gallop for the glen where he had left them. The old Polish trooper, who had heard the dialogue between his master and the serjeant, would, of a certainty, have rather *rebroussé chemin*; but he was accustomed to danger, he was piqued too by the seeming indifference to it in Don Francesco, and he could not conceive (he had yet to learn what the Spaniards were,) that the peasantry would dare to attack an officer of rank so near the French forces.

They reached the glen where they had left the two Frenchmen in safety, but it was dark, and when they rode up to what they had taken in the morning for a village, nearly every white spot, instead of being a house, was a calcareous rock. There were, however, among these deceptive projections some half dozen of miserable cottages, where Don Francesco confidently expected to find his friends; but where, on inquiry, he found them not, and if the words of the inhabitants were to be taken, no such persons had been seen there since the morning. Rather inclined to be angry at his friends for their want of punctuality, than to suspect anything had happened to them, Don Fran-

cesco was about to turn his horse's head, when an old goatherd addressed him, and told him he had seen the two strangers cross the hills at the top of the glen, and that doubtless they would be found at a farm-house in that direction — not more than a good league off, where the game was most abundant.

Spirited on by this intelligence, the young Neapolitan took the direction pointed out to him, and, darker and darker though it became, he and his follower contrived to make good speed for half an hour, when they thought they ought to be near the said farm-house. But when they slackened their pace, and peered through the night-gloom, and listened to catch, if it might be, the barking of a dog, or the tinkling bells of a sheep-fold, or anything to announce the neighbourhood of a farm or a cottage, they could see nothing, but that the rough path they had hitherto followed now lost itself in a labyrinth of other paths, and nothing in the world could they hear but the panting of their horses and the murmur of the night-wind among the brush-wood that grew on every side of them. The country also seemed to be wilder and more desolate even than that they had left—and a country more treeless, houseless, uncultivated, barren, and utterly

desolate, than that round Madrid, is scarcely to be found in Europe. Don Francesco, however, was not to be turned back; and, indeed, to go back to the pickets, or to attempt reaching the cantonments, would now have been as difficult as to find out the farm-house. He did, therefore, what is perhaps as wise a thing as a man can do under such circumstances, he threw the reins on his horse's neck, and let him choose his own way. The sagacious creature had not gone far, when he drew up his head, and then threw out his nostrils, and then neighed, and the moment after a little glimmering light gave an additional proof that they were near some habitation. "It is the farm-house we are seeking," thought the young man; and going on in the direction of the light, they soon found themselves before a long, low wall, in which, after groping for some time, they found a strong wooden gate. As they struck upon this, the light disappeared — then they heard a slight noise — and the light re-appeared, but lower down than it had been seen before. They then heard the sounds of the opening of a door, and then a light was seen approaching them. Nothing doubting but that his friends were within, Don Francesco now called out their names. There was no answer given; but presently the gate before

which he stood was unbarred, and they were admitted into an open yard, which seemed to have stabling and barns round three of its sides. From the readiness with which they had gained admittance, both master and man were confirmed in their opinion that their friends must be there, and retired to rest ; and they asked no questions, until their conductor, an old Spaniard, led them to the door of the house, on whose threshold there stood another Spaniard, who seemed to wear a hospitable smile on his countenance. After a courteous salutation, the young officer asked whether there were not two Frenchmen within.

They were not—they had not been seen—but had they come, there would have been a welcome for them, as there was for those caballeros who now arrived, was the reply.

The fellow's manners were good ; there seemed an air of mildness and respectability about him—the night without was as dark as ever, and a cold rain, that had been threatening for some time, now began to pelt most pitilessly ; so wishing his friends, wherever they might be, as civil a host and as good a lodging as he seemed to have lighted upon, he gave his horse to his orderly, and walked in. The apartment had nothing remarkable about it. Its

inmates were, an old woman, another man, whose countenance was not very prepossessing, but not much wilder or more forbidding than the general run of the dingy Castilian peasants, and to these was presently added, besides the host who had entered with Don Francesco, a young and rather pretty girl, who seated herself near the fire, which burned in the centre of the room. To her, of course, the young soldier's attention was presently turned. He saw her lean her head on both her hands, as though suffering from pain; and then he saw, or fancied he saw, that she looked at him now and then—looked at him with uneasiness. Perhaps, however, this only struck him afterwards.

As an Italian, whose language is itself so like to the Spanish, Don Francesco had not had much difficulty in learning the latter idiom; he had now, moreover, been some months in the country, and being rather of a literary turn, he had paid some attention to its books and grammar, &c.—things which the French were very *apt* to despise. And then the French, generally, as we all know, have a remarkable inaptitude for languages; so much so, that there was not one in a thousand among them, who, even after several years' residence in Italy,

could express himself in that beautiful tongue with anything like propriety of idiom or accent.

As he spoke to them, the Castilians made the remark with astonishment, that Don Francesco spoke such Spanish as they had never heard from the mouth of a Frenchman.

"I am no Frenchman," said he.

This assertion evidently produced a considerable effect: the Spanish girl fixed her large black eyes on him; the man, who seemed the master of the house, asked him of what country then he was.

When he replied he was an Italian, the host rejoined, "Oh, then you are half a Spaniard—but you are here with the French army after all!"

As Don Francesco was thinking he did not altogether like the tone with which the last words were pronounced, and the expression of countenance that accompanied them, his Polish trooper, who had been busy with the horses, came in, and stepping up to his master, whispered in French, "I hope, Sir, we have got into friendly quarters—but there is something I don't quite fancy—there are several desperate-looking fellows in the stable, and I am almost sure, the old goatherd who directed-us hither is one among them!"

Startled as he was at this information, the young soldier, however, preserved his presence of mind : he felt, that if they had really fallen into a trap, escape by force was utterly impracticable ; and that the best thing he could do, was to keep a watchful eye on his friends within the house, and to tranquillize his faithful companion, who might be on his guard as to what was going on without. So, affecting to treat lightly the trooper's suspicions, and only telling him to keep the saddles on the horses, and to have their reins ready on their necks, he gave him part of the supper and wine his host had provided, and dismissed him, with a recommendation to sleep as lightly as though he were picketed in the field with the enemy close before him. While he took his own supper, Don Francesco continued his conversation with the Spaniards. So quiet and well disposed did they all again seem, that his apprehensions almost entirely left him, and he taxed himself with folly for having suspected any evil at their hands.

It was by this time waxing late — two of the Spaniards and the old woman had retired one by one, very devoutly wishing him "*la buena noche*," and that the Saints might guard him. The young girl lingered still, but she, too, withdrew at last.

Don Francesco then inquired his way for the morrow's journey, and expressing his intention of setting off at daybreak, begged to be shown to his place of rest. His complacent host regretted that his accommodations were not better, and led him up a tottering wooden staircase, or rather a broad-stepped ladder, into a large dark room, which seemed to prolong itself over part of the stabling. There was a narrow window at each end of the room, from one of which he fancied the light that first attracted him must have proceeded. The floor of the room was partly covered with grain and household provisions, but near the farther end, to which they advanced, there were two low couches, one of which was already occupied by somebody with a large Spanish capote thrown over him. The host, putting his finger to his mouth, as if to prevent talking, which might disturb the sleeper, pointed to the mattress in the opposite corner; and no sooner had Don Francesco thrown his military cloak upon it, than whispering him a good night, the host instantly withdrew, and carried the lamp with him. As he descended the ladder, he drew a trap-door after him, and the young soldier heard the noise, as if of a sliding bolt, to secure the door.

This jarred unpleasantly on Don Francesco's

nerves. Instead of throwing himself at once on the couch, he grasped his pistols, which he had kept about his person, and drawing his sword, groped his way to the upper end of the room by which he had entered. The intense darkness of the night had somewhat abated—a glimmering of uncertain light penetrated through the low narrow windows which were opposite to each other, and fell on two small spaces of the flooring, but all the rest of the long room was wrapped in a gloom so dense, that he could not see the bright blade of the weapon he held in his hand. With some difficulty he piloted himself through the heterogeneous materials that encumbered the apartment, and by kneeling down and feeling the rough boards with his hand, he detected an iron ring which raised the trap-door. To his surprise and relief, when he applied his arm's strength to this, the door opened at once, and proved his ear had deceived him as to its being fastened. He again thought himself a fool for harbouring suspicion ; but before returning to his resting-place, he listened a few seconds at the aperture he had made by only partially lifting up the door. At first all was silent as though he had held his ear over an opened tomb, and then he

heard the low murmuring of a voice below as if in prayer. Encouraged by the latter circumstance, and fully deciding once more that he was in the hands of good honest people, he groped his way back to the couch. Still, however, spite of himself, there was a lingering of doubt and suspicion, and before he threw himself on his mattress, he crept across the room to the side of his sleeping companion. Whoever this was, he seemed to sleep most peacefully—with his capote drawn over his head, not even his breathing could be heard.

“People do not sleep this way in a den of robbers and murderers,” thought Don Francesco, who at length wrapped his own mantle about him and laid himself down. All remained quiet—he thought a little of the events of the day, and his disappointment, and again hoping that his unpunctual friends had come to no harm, and had found as good lodgings as he had done, he gave way to fatigue and drowsiness and was falling asleep—when he was suddenly startled by the creaking of a door. Quick as he was, before he grasped his sword and pistols and rose to his feet, a door, which he had not observed in the darkness, was opened between him and the bed on the opposite side of

the room, and a little yellow light, as though of a lamp skreened, rushed into the apartment.

Though the prospect of a hopeless struggle now presented itself, and the chill of despair fell on his heart, the young soldier levelled his pistol with a steady aim, and had nearly pressed the ready trigger, when he saw that the figure which stole into the room was that of the young Spanish damsel, whose conduct and looks below stairs had attracted his attention.

"Stranger!" said she in a fearfully agitated whisper, "put up your arms and follow me—there is hardly a minute between you and murder!"

"Ah! is it so!" said the young man, gasping for breath.

"You will be the first guest that leaves this room alive," said the girl: "But haste, or you will be too late!"

"Then let me rouse also this man who sleeps so soundly," said Don Francesco.

"Think of yourself—he needs not your care!" said the girl.

Even in that extremity of danger the brave soldier could not reconcile himself to the thought of leaving a fellow-creature to the knife, and he stepped to the other side of the room. The trembling

girl moved with him, drew the capote from the body, and holding down the lamp she held, and turning away her own eyes, disclosed to those of Don Francesco the ghastly countenance of one of the young Frenchmen he had been in search of.

As to what passed after this horrid disclosure,—as to his feelings or his actions, for some seconds; the young man could never render an account. What he first recollected was standing at the head of a flight of rough stone steps that descended from what appeared to be a hay-loft into the court-yard, with the Spanish girl pointing to the wall that enclosed the court. While standing here listening to the directions the girl was giving him, as to the road he was to take to reach Madrid—he heard the well-known voice of his poor faithful trooper utter a French exclamation, and the next instant the report of a carbine shot, and then the noise of a deadly scuffle proceeded from that part of the stable which now seemed to be immediately beneath his feet.

“Oh, fly!—it is your only hope—may God go with you!” muttered the agonized girl, still pointing to the wall. More than half stupified, Don Francesco crept down the stone steps; but as he descended, he saw a man, who had come out from

the lower apartment or from the stable, advance across the court-yard to the narrow space between the foot of the stairs and the foot of the outer-wall of the farm he had to climb. He then heard a long heavy groan—and then four more Spaniards came out and joined the man he had just seen. “The dog of a Frenchman is done for,” said one, whose voice seemed to be that of the host, “but he has wounded me sorely in the arm. Quick, however! the noise will have awakened his master, and we shall have trouble in despatching him!”

Don Francesco turned his head—the light and the girl were gone—the door at the top of the staircase seemed closed; but dark as it was, and though he had now crouched in the smallest compass possible under the rude stone ballustrade that ran along one side of the steps, he dreaded they must discover him even from below as he lay there, for by this time one of the men had brought out a lamp.

“He remains quiet, however, as yet,” whispered another voice below; “perhaps the report of the fellow’s gun has not awakened him—let us up, and finish him at once.” The speaker’s foot seemed to be on the first step of the stone stairs, the light moved in the same direction, and it was impossible

Don Francesco could have escaped another moment, when a shrill female shriek was heard at the opposite end of the house, and a voice cried "The Frenchman!" "The Officer!" The Spaniards, fancying their aroused victim was there attempting his escape, rushed in that direction; whilst Don Francesco, understanding and availing himself of the feint which evidently proceeded from the girl, glided down the stairs, vaulted over the wall with some difficulty, and ran with all his speed from the accursed spot.

Though out of their lair, he was still far from being out of danger. They had horses, and would no doubt speedily pursue him; and then, in the darkness of the night, and in a wild country he had never before traversed, he could not tell whether he was following his young deliverer's directions, or running into fresh scenes of danger—perhaps returning on the very den from which he had escaped. Indeed, in a very short time he heard the hollow, rapid beat of horses' hoofs on the dark heath. The sounds did not, however, seem to approach—on the contrary, they waxed fainter and fainter, until they died away in the direction he fancied must be immediately opposite to that he was taking. Thus encouraged, he summoned up all his strength,

and ran for a long time ; but the returning agony of his apprehension may be conceived, when he was suddenly brought to a pause by hearing the sound of horses' feet right before him, and advancing to meet him. There was not a tree, a bush on the wide open heath to conceal him from his bloodthirsty pursuers. Fortunately, however, he had retained his dark grey cloak, and wrapping himself in this, he laid himself flat on the ground, hoping that its colour, which assimilated with that of the heath, would prevent him from being discovered. The galloping horses came nearer and nearer ; he saw them take the very direction of the spot where he lay. And now another dreadful thought struck him. It might very well be that one of the villains in their haste had mounted his own favourite steed, which, if it came near where he lay, was almost certain to betray him, by stopping or neighing, and thus he would be discovered, even if he escaped the searching eyes of the murderers. He grasped his pistols ; his sword was out of its sheath, as it had been since his retreat down the stairs of the house, and thus he lay with the resolution to sell his life dearly.

Meanwhile the horsemen came close upon him—so close, that at one time he thought he should be

ridden over ; but they passed the spot where he lay without discovering him. He remained supine as he was till the sounds of the hoofs and the villains' dreadful imprecations died away on his ear, when he rose, and again ran forward for some time at the top of his speed.

By this time the first rays of morning began to appear. Light, however, was of little service to him in that monotonous, unknown country, as to assisting him to find his way, but, on the contrary, if his pursuers still persisted in their search, it would betray him to them. He had run himself out of breath, and was so overcome by fatigue, that he was obliged to throw himself on the ground. Having rested for awhile, he resumed his journey, and soon came to a tolerably good and what seemed a frequented road. As he hesitated here what direction he should now take on this road, the distant, measured sounds of a drum faintly struck his ear ; he bent his head to the earth, and then heard distinctly enough that it was a French drummer beating the reveillée. Cheered by these welcome tones, he pursued his way, and in about a quarter of an hour, as day broke into fulness of light, he saw a low, little village close before him, with a detachment of French troops mustering on

its outskirts. Setting up a shout of joy, he ran on to the village, where he was presently safe among friends and comrades. His tale of horror was soon told, and a plan of proceeding arranged; but more than two hours passed ere he was sufficiently refreshed to mount a horse, and head the troops in search of the assassins. Unfortunately, too, there was no cavalry on the spot; and what with the difficulty of retracing his steps, and time lost on false scents, it was near noon when Don Francesco drew up the troops before a solitary farm-house, which, from the little he had been able to see of it in the obscurity of the preceding night, he thought must be that which he had escaped from. After having shouted in vain, the soldiers scaled the walls, and burst open the gate. The door of the dwelling-house was merely secured by a latch, and when he entered it, if the absence of every inmate had not been proof enough, Don Francesco could have sworn to the apartment. He rushed up the ladder to the accursed loft, expecting to find the body of his friend, but it was gone, and no trace of blood, or of anything connected with him, was left there. Some of the soldiers meanwhile had gone into the stables, which they found as empty as the rest of the house—all the horses had

been removed, as also the body of the poor Pole; but on some straw, in a corner of the stable, they found a little pool of blood. This was the only evidence of crime the premises retained. On looking over the house, it was discovered that the provisions, and nearly all the portable articles of household furniture, (few, and simple enough in Spain!) had been carried off. It was vain to think of pursuing the fugitives; they failed in their search after the bodies of the young officer and the Pole; and then Don Francesco marched his men to the huts where, on the preceding night, he had spoken with the goatherd. The huts were as empty as the farm-house!

To conclude a long story, the murderers were never caught. The companion of the murdered Frenchman, and the boy that had accompanied them, were never more seen or heard of; and it was supposed that, separated by accident, or the design of the Spaniards, from his friend, this second Frenchman met the fate of the first, and that the guide also was killed.

SPANISH BRIGANDS.

(CONTINUED.)

A FEW years since an atrocious band of Spanish robbers infested the neighbourhood of Talaveira. The scene of their ambush and attack was called "El Confessional," because these ruffians there gave their victims time to confess, and even provided them with the means of doing so, before they murdered them. Death, however, though frequently, was not always the consequence of falling into their hands. The time of their great power was during the last government of the Cortes, and it is probable that political animosities urged these, as many other bands, to the commission of more than the wonted atrocities of brigands. In what the Constitution might have ended, had not the French army of the constitutional King Louis XVIII. marched to the relief of the absolute King Ferdinand VII. it is difficult to say; but, certes, during its actual regimen, the Spaniards had few blessings for which they might be grateful. The

bonds of society were broken loose ; party and personal hate and revenge were fearfully indulged in, and the country was inundated by atrocious troops of robbers and cut-throats.

So much did they swarm, that an English gentleman, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, and who was at the time attached to our Embassy at Madrid, was stopped twice on one journey as he was carrying despatches, and, if I remember well, was robbed three times in about as many months.

My friend the Count —, who was also in Spain at the time, has described to me "The Confessional" as a sort of deep basin, down which the main road descends on one side, and ascends on the other. The robbers were accustomed to make their attack in the hollow, whilst their videttes stationed in ambush on the brims of the basin, or at the opposite points of the road, gave notice, if the opportunity were favourable, or if any force were approaching on either side of the hollow. At the time that my friend passed this horrid trap, as a robbery and murder had just been committed on some persons of consequence, the Cortes had ordered a body of troops to the spot, but though these soldiers were bivouacked there, and there was no appearance of danger, his companions and

the muleteers could not help shuddering as they hurried through "The Confessional,"—so dreadful and so recent were the stories they had heard of crimes committed on that spot.

This same friend, in going to Cordova, was amused by the account of seven famous robbers, who were known all over the country by the title "Los siete hijos de Ejica," or the seven sons of Ejica, a place near Carmona, on the route to Cordova. According to the traditions of the Spaniards, these seven desperadoes had obtained such wealth and such prizes, that all their buttons were of pure gold, and even the tubes in which they held their cigars were set with diamonds. My friend, however, recollects no very striking adventure of this wealthy band. I set aside two or three horrible and disgusting stories of Spanish robbers to make room for the following interesting anecdote, (communicated to me by my kind and talented friend Mr. Brockedon,) which shows them in a better light.

A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the

Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodging for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy, which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability, never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take.

The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by

robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape.

The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent.

"But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?" replied the Spaniard; "by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them."

The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so.

"But, my good Señor," replied the Spaniard, "you will not cross the mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!"

"Well, if it must be so, let them rob me," said the English merchant; "I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!"

"They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins," replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself.

The Englishman was beginning to call up one

of the servants of the posada, to show him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand, said,

“Not yet, Señor, not yet ! listen !” and he continued in an under-tone. “It was my fortune some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena, alone, like you ; it was occupied then as now, by the *Saqueadores* ; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety.”

“A much better thing this than a king’s passport,” said the astonished Englishman. “Pray what was it ? and did it succeed ?”

“It was only a button,” replied the Spaniard ; “it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you, here it is !”

After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously-fillagreed silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra.

"But were *you* really attacked on your journey?" inquired the merchant.

"The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all," said the Spaniard; "but ask no more questions, and take care of the button! to-morrow you will see whether it have lost its charm."

With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule, by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the

Salteadores were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they showing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button.

At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loth, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and the gestures of an hospitable welcome! His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold, but the Englishman recog-

nized his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend.

"I got here before you," said the Captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, "and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof."

The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say, how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life.

The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said,

"These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the Royal court and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country, for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you,

liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough! say no more!”

The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The Capitan, who recovered his good-humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it.

“You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again,” said he, “and whoever has the button to produce, will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adios!”

The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey.

Some time,—I believe some years after this adventure, the English merchant heard with deep

regret, that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he had ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.

SCHINDER-HANNES (JACK THE FLAYER),
OR THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE.

THIS famous brigand, whose trial occupies a conspicuous place among the modern *Causes Célèbres*, was, at the beginning of the present century, the terror of the Palatinate, and of the other provinces on both sides of the Lower Rhine; and the boldness and extent of his depredations entitle him to a foremost rank in the annals of modern brigandism. We indeed look in vain for his equal in Northern Europe. This man's real name was John Buckler, and he was born in 1779, at Muklen, on the right bank of the Rhine. His descent and training were good. His father, as fond of a vagrant life as he himself became, forsook his wife and family and enlisted in an Austrian regiment; soon growing tired of the army, or of the Austrians, he deserted from them, and fled to the Prussian territories, where his wife and his son John,

then nine years of age, joined him. The elder Buckler obtained employment as forest-keeper, and was able to send his son to school, where Master John was instructed in the Lutheran communion. He might have continued an honest lad for some time longer, but one day, when he was about sixteen years old, a publican entrusted him with a whole *louis-d'or* to purchase some smuggled brandy for the house—this temptation was too strong for the virtue of Hannes, who spent the money in a jollification with his comrades, and then, afraid of the consequences should he return home, he decamped and wandered about the country. The first thing he appropriated to himself, after the publican's *louis-d'or*, was a horse, which he stole, carried off, and sold.

At this time he could hardly have entertained a proper notion of the rights and dignity of the profession to which he had made a promising enough novice; for the next thing he did was to go and hire himself as a servant and aide-de-camp to the public executioner at Barenbach. Hannes, however, could not conquer his love of society; he was always fond of his glass of Rhenish, and of two or three jolly fellows to drink it with. There was a butcher belonging to a neighbouring town with the

same propensities, and who probably had a certain sympathy with the executioner's man, arising from a similarity of profession. The slayer of sheep and oxen, and the assistant to the slayer of men, soon became very intrinsically intimate. Hannes swore he had not known such a good fellow since the lads with whom he had spent mine host's *louis-d'or*, and the butcher swore Hannes was a "prime one"—fit for anything. This butcher himself was of a certainty fit for the gallows, for, tired of killing other people's sheep, or sheep he paid the market price for, he induced Master John to go out and steal sheep and sell them to him at Kirn—at discreet prices.

This contraband trade could not last long, pleasant and profitable as it was. Hannes was arrested and conveyed to prison, and might have furnished some employment for his master the executioner, had he not ingeniously contrived to escape from his place of confinement. Wandering afterwards in the wild regions of the Hochwald, he fell in with Finck and Black Peter, the captains of two bands of daring outlaws, who had long been distinguished in their calling.

The circumstances of the times contributed to the formation of these predatory bands, and here,

as we have shown elsewhere, the field for their excesses had been prepared by political misfortunes and vices, without which no numerous associations of freebooters can long exist.

“ The wars of the French revolution had raged for years, during which time the States bordering on the Rhine were continually over-run by troops, French and German ; the fields had been ravaged, the cottages pillaged and burnt, the cattle carried away, forced contributions in money and kind exacted ; most of the landholders and farmers became ruined, and the poorer class of labourers and artizans were absolutely starving, and these, as a last desperate resource, began thieving — some for the mere object of supporting existence ; others, animated by a principle of revenge against their armed oppressors. Of the latter sort was the notorious band of Pickard, in Belgium. The political state of the country favoured their impunity. The little German Governments, ecclesiastical and secular, into which it was parcelled under the old system, had been either suppressed by the French, or were allowed to drag on a precarious existence, powerless and detached from the former imperial confederation. In one part the French laws had superseded the German, but were not yet consolidated

and enforced, and the subordinate agents of justice had become remiss in their duties, from the contagious example of general disorder into which society was thrown. Mechanics of all trades, vagrants, pedlars, strolling musicians, labourers, woodmen, Jews, formed the first band of robbers that appeared on the right or German side of the Rhine, as early as the years 1793-4.* Surely such fatal results as these ought to have weight with the ambitious wagers of war, and with such as with uncertain prospective of success would revolutionise a country. It is not the excesses of the army in the field that are alone to be feared—it is not the passions and the vices of soldiers that are alone to be provided against; but the disorder and licentiousness of a despoiled and embittered populace, that are almost as sure to follow in the train of war and revolution, as one wave of the sea rolls on the other. But a book devoted to robbers is not likely to reform conquerors, so let us return to the life of our Robber of the Rhine.

The daring bands among whom he fell in the wild country of the Hochwald readily admitted Hannes as a member, and soon had reason to applaud his

* See an excellent article in the "Monthly Review," No. xxxii. for April 1828.

activity, address, and bravery. But after committing various depredations, such as stealing horses (to which he seems to have had all a Yorkshireman's partiality), &c. he fell a second time into the hands of justice and into a prison. His good luck and talents did not, however, desert him, and a second time (taking some of his comrades in the band, now fellow-prisoners, with him) he contrived to escape, by breaking through a wall of the prison of Sarrebruck. He must have been rather careless, or confident in his own resources; for not long after he was seized in another part of the country, and after an examination, committed to a dungeon in the strong tower of Simmerm.

This was the third time Master John was in prison, and the old proverb saith "take care of the third time;" but he was as lucky as though it had been only his first die thrown with Fortune. By means of a broken knife, he contrived to remove a board in the wall of his dungeon, whence creeping into an outward apartment, he wrenched the iron bars from the window, and leaped out from a considerable height. He fell in his descent, and a heavy stone, which he had loosened, fell after him, and wounded him severely in one of his legs. Spite, however, of this wound, he managed to crawl

along in the dark to a neighbouring forest, where he lay concealed for two whole days, without food and without assistance.

On the third day, he found his way to the snug, retired house of an old associate, where his wound was dressed, and where he received all the succour and sympathy his case demanded. He soon recovered, and showed that his hair-breadth escapes, and pain and sufferings, had brought about no penitence. He began his career of highway robbery and general brigandism in company with numerous associates, who continued to increase under the shadow of his *prestige*, talents, and energy, and who, for these qualities, now acknowledged him, not as a simple comrade, but as their chief. The other banditti, and even the sanguinary Black Peter himself, by degrees, submitted to his authority or advice. No expedition of moment was planned and undertaken, save by the directions of the famous gaol-breaker, who thus became the soul of the complicate body. It was now, in the plenitude of his power, that master John Buckler acquired the name of Schinder-hannes, or Jack the Flayer. He was young, rather handsome, clever, as we have seen, and a popular man with the fair sex, having had sundry love-adventures of considerable *éclat*. But

his qualities as a romantic hero were soon increased, for he fixed his affections upon a pretty girl, one Julia Blœsus, whom, in defiance of the Church, it appears, he called his wife. The fair Julia, the daughter of a fiddler and horn-blower of some eminence, bore Schinder-hannes a child, accompanied him occasionally in his expeditions, dressed in male attire, and behaved throughout with that affection and devotedness which, according to some accounts, should only be looked for in the wives or mistresses of brigands.

The audacity of Schinder-hannes' band is almost incredible, and can only be understood by reference to the state of the country, as I have described it. The travellers on the highway did not offer sufficient booty; they proceeded to force open houses, and to attack whole villages, carrying on at times a sort of regular fight with the inhabitants. In these operations, the Captain, with one or two of his cleverest men, was always the first to enter the house, having left part of his troop to guard the approaches, and to fire upon any one who dared to come near. His introductory essay in this line was made in the year 1800, on the house of a gentleman named Riegel, who lived at Otzweiler. Schinder-hannes, with fourteen of his men, armed with fire-

locks, suddenly appeared one night at the house of an honest miller in the immediate neighbourhood. They came with a good appetite, and imposed on the hospitality of the miller for a good supper, which they ate, and then went to work—and, at first, in a peaceful way enough, for they knocked a rat-tat at Mr. Riegel's door, which was opened by that gentleman's son-in-law. Schinder-hannes and two of his men rushed in, when their behaviour became less civil. They began to ill-treat the inmates, and threatened Mrs. Riegel with death if she did not reveal where the money was concealed. But still worse followed; for while the good lady was shrieking in the hands of the robbers, her husband, trying to escape through a window, was fired at, and killed on the spot; and her son-in-law was severely wounded. The report of fire-arms alarmed the neighbours, who sallied out in great numbers; and then the banditti thought it prudent to retire, which they did, keeping up a running fire against their pursuers.

It is to be remarked in Schinder-hannes' depredations, that the Jews, who are numerous in that part of Germany, and often wealthy, were the principal victims of them. He, indeed, seemed to consider that people as legitimate plunder; and

strange as it may now appear in more civilized, settled, and tolerant days, many people of the country, who were not robbers, apparently entertained the same opinion. He assailed the house of a rich Jew named Wolff, at Ottenbach, and carried off a considerable booty. At Merxheim, the *rent-meister*, or magistrate of the place, pointed out to him another Jew of the name of Boer, as a man of wealth, and as one who had rendered himself obnoxious to the people; and immediately acting on the suggestion, Schinder-hannes attacked and plundered the house with little obstacle. The robbers fell in with the watch, to whom they plainly stated they were going "to rob a Jew," upon which they were allowed to pass!

The spring and autumn were the favourite seasons for these expeditions; and Saturday nights were preferred for a curious reason. It appeared on their trial, when the robbers were finally brought to justice, that most of Schinder-hannes' *baldovers*, or spies, and some of the brigands themselves, were Jews, who, in the leisure of their sabbath-day, could more conveniently attend to the business of crime and rapine.

But still, it must be repeated, it is chiefly as sufferers that the Jews figure in Schinder-hannes'

exploits. One day this bold robber, being posted in ambuscade near the high road, with only two of his followers, saw a caravan of about forty-five Jews returning from a fair at Kreuznacht. As they came near, he challenged them and ordered them to halt, which they all did at once, before three men. They turned out not worth the trouble of stopping; they had only a few kreutzers a-piece, which they had gained by trafficking at the fair. The magnanimous robbers despised so paltry a booty, and left the Jews their leathern purses. But Schinder-hannes was in a jocular mood, and he ordered them all to pull off their shoes and stockings.

In a minute every Jew among them pulled off his shoes and stockings.

Schinder-hannes then made them throw them all in a heap on one side of the road, and he and his companions, with their gun-stocks, so tossed and tumbled and mixed the shoes and stockings, that fellows so parted company, it would have been a difficult job indeed to find out a pair among them, or for any man to fit himself to his own, even if ten minutes had been allowed him.

“Now then, Jews,” cried Schinder-hannes, “take you every one of you his own stockings and his

own shoes, put them on, and decamp instantly. Be honest, if you can, and take no one's things but your own. I will shoot every one of you that takes another man's shoe or another man's stocking! Quick! quick! he is a dead man who is the last to be fitted to his own, and off, as sure as my name is Schinder-hannes!" And he and his followers levelled their muskets at the bare-footed Jews.

Well nigh bereft of their senses, by the dread which the threat and the name of the robber inspired, the poor Jews threw themselves altogether on the heap by the road-side, and began scrambling for their shoes and stockings, cuffing, and scratching, and abusing one another, in their hurry and impatience. When Schinder-hannes had amused himself for awhile with this ludicrous spectacle, a subject worthy of Hogarth or Wilkie, he walked off with his comrades almost dying with laughter.

The mere name of the robber, whose exploits were spread far and wide, now struck terror into every breast. By a political alternation of kindness and severity, he imposed on the common people; and by degrees even the wealthier class, who had suffered from him, dreaded Schinder-hannes so much, that, far from daring to inform

against him, they avoided even the mention of his name. Unlike the Italian banditti of the Apennines, who live in wilds and gloomy solitudes, these robbers of the Rhine frequented the most joyous and peopled scenes. "They appeared in the open day, and in the very scenes of their robberies; they lounged in public-houses, went to dances and festivals, and were generally treated with great deference. When danger was near, they separated, and each repaired to his home, in various parts of the country, until called again by the captain on some new expedition."* Besides the fair Julia, the captain's mistress, many of the band had equally devoted wives, or innamoras, who were made useful to the lawless community by procuring information, selling the goods plundered, and obtaining passports to proceed from one State to another.

The robbers must have invoked many a "blessing on the Rhine," for that noble river often bore them and their spoils to a place of safety and convenient sale. After a successful expedition on one side of the Rhine, generally the left bank, they were accustomed to cross the river, where they would remain quiet for some time, and dispose of

* *Causes Criminelles Célèbres du dix-neuvième Siècle.*

their plunder. They changed costume and appearance according to circumstances. Schinderhannes was very happy in his disguises, and so confident, that he once for a considerable time passed himself off as a steady merchant, and even repaired to the great trading mart, Frankfort. He ran, however, his risks. In 1801, he had a narrow escape in an affray with a party of soldiers in the electorate of Mayence, with whom he engaged in a drunken brawl at a public-house: on another occasion, after pillaging the house of a Jew at Bayerthat, in the Palatinate, he was so closely pressed by a party of chasseurs, that he was obliged to seek concealment in a hayloft. The soldiers visited his hiding-place, but he again miraculously escaped. But this escape was his last: he had worn out his extraordinary good luck, and the career of his crimes was now drawing near its end. He was closely watched and tracked to his haunts; he could no longer prosecute his expeditions without imminent peril, for even the peasants were now on the alert against him. He had risen and thrived during the confusion and horrors of war, but peace had now been made between France and Austria, the provinces on the Rhine had consequently been restored to tranquillity and security, and the ad-

ministration was in the hands of men of energy, who determined to extirpate the banditti.

Schinder-hannes for some time wandered from place to place, but he every day found his resources failing him, and was at last arrested on suspicion. Fortunately for him, however, nobody knew him, and when, making a virtue of necessity, he was fain to sink from the dignity of a captain of robbers to the grade of a common soldier, and addressed himself to an Austrian recruiting captain, he was readily accepted, and enlisted under an assumed name. He marched with the rest of the recruits to Limbourg, and might have marched thence to some snug mud village in Hungary, where nobody would ever have known him, and have escaped the pursuits of justice for his past misdeeds; he might have commenced a new career of crime on another and a distant theatre; or he might have reformed, and become the serjeant-major and the ornament of an Austrian regiment; but, as he was walking through the streets of Limbourg, he was accidentally met by a peasant who recognised him, and denounced him to the magistrates as the famous Schinder-hannes—the robber of the Rhine! No sooner was he denounced and produced by the officer to whom he enlisted,

than the whole town flocked to see the man of whose exploits they had heard so much. Schinder-hannes had cultivated too numerous an acquaintance to hope to escape detection; he hung down his head; but he was sworn to by many who had met him on the road in the exercise of his calling. The Austrian captain gave him up to the civil power, and Schinder-hannes, after a career of unexampled audacity and success, (for this part of Europe,) which had lasted five years, was taken by a strong escort to Mayence, in May 1802. As soon as he saw himself in the hands of the French gens-d'armes, he cried "I am lost! now, indeed, it is all over with me!" On his arrival at Mayence, he was brought before the judges of the special criminal court, and to them he at once and freely gave a detailed account of his life and adventures. Such of his accomplices as were still living, were successively secured, and after eight months spent in investigations, and in receiving depositions against the robbers, in February 1803 the Criminal Court of Mayence declared itself competent to proceed on the trial of the accused. Omitting the doubtful or the frivolous, no less than fifty-three serious and substantiated charges were brought against Schinder-hannes. His accomplices

arrested were sixty-seven. Among this number figured old Buckler, the forest-keeper, Schinderhannes' father; the robber's mistress Julia Blœsus; various other women, wives, mistresses, and sisters of the banditti; several itinerant musicians, Jews, a miller, &c. The acts of instruction, deposition, and interrogation produced for this extraordinary trial, filled, when printed, five thick folio volumes.

The public trial did not commence until the 24th of October 1803. Three of the accused had died meanwhile in prison, but sixty-five were brought before the Court. One hundred and thirty-two witnesses appeared for the prosecution, and no less than two hundred and two for the prisoners. The first and second days of the trial were employed in reading the act of accusation. The whole trial occupied twenty-eight days. Schinderhannes was firm and bold, and even gay. He entertained the hope that he should escape the capital punishment; but on the deposition of the miller's mother of Merxheim, to whose arm the robbers had applied a burning candle to extort her money from her, Schinderhannes' countenance fell; till then he had succeeded tolerably well in making himself out, a criminal indeed, but one averse to cruelty or the shedding of blood, but at

that moment he said, in a sad, despondent tone, "It is all over! I hear the scream of the bird of death!"

The horrid punishment of being broken on the wheel, which had been usually awarded to culprits of his class in that country, now presented itself to his imagination. The boldest might tremble at such a fate! He asked the President whether he was so to suffer? When answered that that species of punishment had been abolished by the French law, he recovered his self-possession, and added—"If I have wished to live, it is only because I intended to become an honest man!" After a short pause, he continued: "But Julia is innocent; I seduced that poor girl; and oh, my poor father! what will become of him?" And during the whole of the trial he constantly endeavoured to screen his father and his mistress. It appeared, however, in evidence, that Julia had accompanied him in some of his minor expeditions, especially to the house of Isaac the Jew usurer; and that his parent also had participated in some of his crimes.

After a most patient investigation, Schinderhannes was found guilty of all the charges, and with nineteen of his accomplices condemned to death. Fifteen more of the culprits, among whom

was Schinder-hannes' father, were sentenced to hard labour in irons, for various terms, from six to twenty-four years; two others, with one of the women, to two years imprisonment; Julia Bloesus to two years in the house of correction; and two other women to be expelled from the French territory. The rest were acquitted.

Schinder-hannes heard the sentence with much indifference, save when he evinced a lively satisfaction on hearing the lenient punishment of his mistress, and that his father's life was to be spared. He asked to speak with the President; but it was not to say one word for himself; it was only to express his hope that his father, his Julia, and his child, might be taken care of after his death.

On the morning of the 21st of November, the day fixed upon for the execution, a clergyman visited the prisoners. Schinder-hannes told him he was resigned to his fate, and respectfully requested him to bestow his spiritual care and consolation on certain of his comrades who needed them more than he did. He, however, expressed a wish to take the sacrament. When he arrived at the place of execution, he hastily climbed up the scaffold, and examined the guillotine with minute attention: he was curious to know whether its stroke was as

prompt and sure as he had been given to understand it was, and put the question with an unfaltering tongue. On being answered in the affirmative, he turned round and addressed the crowd. "I have deserved death," said he, "but ten of my companions die innocent!" meaning, probably, that these ten had never been guilty of murder—the only crime, in his idea, that merited death. He then laid his head on the block, and found the transition from this world to the dread unknown, quite as rapid as the executioners told him it would be through the agency of their apparatus. The subalterns followed their captain, and the execution of the twenty culprits occupied only twenty-six minutes, making one minute eighteen seconds for each man!

The destruction of this daring band cleared the Rhine of robbers; but the inhabitants on the banks of that beautiful river will long retain the traditions of Schinder-hannes.

HUNGARIAN ROBBERS.

THIS story was told me by an Italian officer, who was serving, at the time he first learned it, with the "Grande Armée" of Napoleon. It seems to me to contain one of the most striking, most dramatic, and terrible scenes that can be conceived, and I have only to regret that I lack the talent or power of telling the tale of horror so well as it was told to me.

It was a few weeks before the termination of the short, but (for Austria) fatal campaign of 1809—that campaign which, begun nobly by the Austrians, ended in their seeing Buonaparte dictate to their prostrate empire from their capital, and shortly after claim as his bride the daughter of the sovereign he had so injured and humbled—that an Hungarian horse-dealer left Vienna to return to his home, which was situated in an interior province of his country.

He carried with him, in paper-money and in gold, a very considerable sum, the product of the horses he had sold at the Austrian capital. To carry this in safety was a difficult object just at that time; for troops, French and Austrian, were scattered in every direction, and he knew by experience, that it was not always safe to fall in with small parties of soldiers, even of his own country or government, (to say nothing of the French,) but that Croates, and wild Hussars, and Hulans, and others that fought under the Austrian eagle, were seldom over-scrupulous as to "keeping their hands from picking and stealing," when opportunity was favourable or tempting.

The dealer, however, relied on his minute knowledge of the country he had traversed so often; on the bottom and speed of his thorough-bred Hungarian horse;—and having obtained what he considered good information, as to the posts occupied by the belligerents, and the range of country most exposed to the soldiery, he set out from Vienna, which he feared would soon be in the hands of the enemy. He went alone, and on his road carefully avoided, instead of seeking the company of other travellers, for he reasonably judged, that a solitary individual, meanly dressed as he was,

might escape notice, while a party of travellers would be sure to attract it.

By his good management he passed the Hungarian frontier unharmed, and continued his journey homeward by a circuitous unfrequented route. On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came, and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards.

When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a

little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep.

He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently at-

tempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so, when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving, when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under

which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner, but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on its threshold.

“Leave the light where it is,” whispered the host, “or it may disturb him and give us trouble.”

“There is no fear of that,” said the younger man, also in a whisper, “we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!”

“Do my bidding,” said the old man sternly;

Banditti and Robbers.



HUNGARIAN ROBBERS.

“would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?”

As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to skreen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, “He is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster.”

“I have it, here it is,” said the son; “a purse and a pocket-book.”

The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation, and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment.

No sooner were they fairly gone, than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the Burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted with all that had happened.

In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death, but as the party went round to the stables, they heard a noise ; cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate with the traveller and some half dozen armed men ran to

the stable-door—this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave.

The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked and threw themselves on the ground, and though they were immediately seized by hard gripping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbours, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly, but at length rising, he said to those who held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust.

"You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate, "he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm."

On this, the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! who says I am a murderer!"

"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there.

Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room, but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out "How is this! who is this!" and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute, the wretched

hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest townspeople. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself shrieking and frantic carried back into the inn by main force.

The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence, and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state,

and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance, and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes.

The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed everything, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

THE ROBBER-KING.

I NOW shift my scenes of murder and devastation to Asia, where the profession of a robber has attained infinitely more eminence, and his depredations have been practised on an incomparably grander scale, than in our parts of the world. Compared, indeed, with the hordes—the hosts—the almost nations of marauders in the East, our most numerous troops of banditti sink into the insignificance of mere gangs. Their crimes, too, are tame and colourless contrasted with the full fire and glare of Oriental atrocity.

In the earlier ages of the world many a freebooter carved his way to a throne, or to something equivalent to it; and in certain regions of the East, where barbarism has retained or renewed the vices and irregularities of antiquity even in our own days, we see heroes of the same stamp arriving at the same royal dignity.

One of the most extraordinary of these robbers is Nadir, the son of a shepherd of Chorasán, who, on the demise of his father, by the sale of part of his flocks, hired a number of banditti, with whom he scoured and plundered the whole country. With his successes the number of his followers increased, until, after the lapse of a few years, instead of a band of robbers, they represented an army. The disorders and political misfortunes of the kingdom, without which marauders can never raise themselves to extreme importance, were all favourable to Nadir; and as a foreign conquering army, the Afghans had invaded and were in possession of the Persian provinces, he had all the advantages resulting from the commingling of the robber's character with that of the partisan or patriot—characters which, we have already hinted, are frequently so difficult to separate.

Indeed, in 1722, when the Afghans took Ispahan itself, when the Shah Hussan laid his crown at the feet of the conquerors, and was massacred with all his family, save one son, whose name was Thamas, that fugitive prince fled to the neighbourhood of Tauris, and among other allies, invited the robber Nadir to his standard. Nadir went and took his banditti with him, and professing to be the most

devoted subject of the legitimate Prince, changed his name into that of Thamas Koolee Khan, or Khan the Slave of Thamas.

Such a man found it easy in Persia, and in such a state as the country then was, to increase the number of his followers, whom he subsisted and rewarded by the plunder of the country. For some years his exploits could not aspire to much beyond brigandage; but by degrees he became stronger and stronger, and finally daring enough to measure swords with the Afghan conqueror himself in the open field. He gained numerous victories, and finally, after seven years, he retook the Persian capital Ispahan, pursued the usurper within his own dominions, vanquished him again, and took him prisoner.

The name of the legitimate Thamas had been a good rallying word; he acknowledged him still as king, but kept him in close confinement, and governing in his name, turned his arms against the Turks, who had taken advantage of the times to make encroachments on the Western provinces of Persia. This war he conducted with his usual success, and feeling his power sufficient to throw off the mask, he put out the eyes of the unfortunate Thamas, and in 1736 proclaimed himself king in his stead, by the title of Nadir-Shah.

The shepherd-robber reigned as an absolute sovereign for eleven years, and though in 1747 he was massacred in his tent, he had the satisfaction of making the most splendid and extensive conquests in the interim; of entirely subduing the Afghans, of invading Hindostan, of taking its rich capital Delhi, and of there perpetrating a massacre which has few to surpass it in the register of the dreadful calamities of that nature which have befallen the human race.

THE PINDARRIES.

THE Pindarries were not a distinctive race, but a class of men, of different descent, religion, and habits, gradually associated, and assimilated by a common pursuit. They were all robbers.

The name of Pindarry* first occurs in Indian history about the end of the seventeenth century, but their prominent importance in the pages of that history was reserved for our own days. They were like the first Mahrattas in their habits of life and warfare, but unlike them, in not being united by nationality and one religious faith ; in not having

* The most popular etymology of the term Pindarry, among the natives is, that they derived it from drunken habits leading them constantly to the shops of the sellers of an intoxicating drink termed Pinda. Kurreem-Khan, a notorious Pindarry leader, who delivered himself up to Sir John Malcolm, told that gentleman, he had never heard any other reason given for this name.

the legitimate and permanent motives of attachment to their native soil, and resentment against the intolerant and oppressive rulers (the Mahometan conquerors of India) by whom the Mahrattas were assailed. From obscure freebooters, they rose into sufficient consequence to be deemed useful auxiliaries by the different Mahratta powers, whose desultory mode of warfare was suited to their predatory habits; and from their preceding, or accompanying them in their incursions, the Pindarries became occasionally confounded with the Mahrattas, though they were always considered by the latter as essentially distinct, and so immeasurably inferior as not to be allowed to eat with them, or even to be seated in their presence.

“ Their aid,” says Sir John Malcolm, from whom this account is chiefly taken, “ was purchased by the Mahrattas, by occasional grants of land, or, more correctly speaking, by a tacit admission of their right to possess tracts which they had usurped, and a privilege of plundering, even beyond the usual licence given to a Mahratta army. The Pindarries took substantive form under this system; their chiefs acquired reputation, and the claims to the services of their adherents by degrees became hereditary, and were transmitted to their

descendants. Tribes were cemented in federal union, and common motives of action led to somewhat of a common interest being established throughout the whole of this community of robbers."

The very looseness of their composition was favourable to their increase, as it admitted all castes and all faiths, and offered a ready refuge to poverty, indolence, and crime—to all that was floating and unattached in the communities of Central India; and united—and the prospect of plunder would always unite them—the Pindarries presented a mass of materials which an able and popular leader might use either for the destruction of others, or his own aggrandizement.

The Pindarries have also been compared to the Tartars; but when the Tartars came to a rich and fertile country, they would settle and repose, and their numerous flocks and herds would present pastoral pictures: not so the Pindarries. "Like swarms of locusts, acting from instinct, they destroyed and left waste whatever province they visited. Their chiefs had, from grants or by usurpation, obtained small territorial possessions; but the revenues of their land were never equal to the maintenance of one-tenth part of their numbers,

and they could, therefore, only be supported by plunder."

What their numbers were could at no time be correctly estimated — they varied with circumstances, being diminished by misfortune and swelled by success.

"It is also to be observed, that the Pindarries were fed and nourished by the very miseries they created; for as their predatory invasions extended, property became insecure, and those who were ruined by their depredations were afterwards compelled to have recourse to a life of violence, as the only means of subsistence left them. They joined the stream which they could not withstand, and endeavoured to redeem their own losses by the plunder of others."

The mode of robbing pursued by these overgrown bodies of banditti, will show at once how difficult it was to intercept or suppress them.

"When they set out on an expedition, they placed themselves under the guidance of one or more chosen leaders, called Lubbiriahs, who were selected on account of their knowledge of the country that it was meant to plunder. The Pindarries were neither encumbered with tents nor baggage; each horseman carried a few cakes of

bread for his own subsistence, and some feeds of grain for his horse. The party, which usually consisted of two or three thousand good horse, with a proportion of mounted followers, advanced at the rapid rate of forty or fifty miles a day, neither turning to the right nor left till they arrived at their place of destination. They then divided and made a sweep of all the cattle and property they could find : committing at the same time the most horrid atrocities, and destroying what they could not carry away. They trusted to the secrecy and suddenness of the irruption for avoiding those who guarded the frontiers of the countries they invaded ; and before a force could be brought against them, they were on their return. Their chief strength lay in their being intangible. If pursued, they made marches of extraordinary length, (sometimes upwards of sixty miles,) by roads almost impracticable for regular troops. If overtaken, they dispersed, and re-assembled at an appointed rendezvous ; if followed to the country from which they issued, they broke into small parties.

“ Their wealth, their booty, and their families, were scattered over a wide region, in which they found protection amid the mountains, and in the fastnesses belonging to themselves and to those

with whom they were either openly or secretly connected; but nowhere did they present any point of attack; and the defeat of a party, the destruction of one of their cantonments, or the temporary occupation of some of their strongholds, produced no effect, beyond the ruin of an individual freebooter, whose place was instantly supplied by another, generally of more desperate fortune, and therefore more eager for enterprise."

The instances of romantic courage, of humanity, and even of romantic generosity, (exaggerated, no doubt, by popular credulity and our love of the marvellous,) which frequently chequer the narratives of other desperate bands of depredators, could hardly be expected to occur in associations composed and disposed like that of the Pindarries. Even when acting with the Mahrattas, as auxiliaries, their object was to plunder, not to fight. They went before, indeed, but it was only by surprise, or in defenceless provinces; they were, from their very origin, the scavengers of the Mahrattas, and though in the van, had little more pretension to martial conduct or valour, than had the birds and the beasts of prey that followed in their and their allies' rear. It must be said, however, that though not one of these marauders ever succeeded in

establishing a claim to high reputation, but all appeared to have shared in the ignorance, the meanness, the rapacity, and brutal cruelty by which they were distinguished as a body, that some of their chiefs, (the celebrated Cheetoo in particular,) united with the qualities, so essential to his profession, of activity, cunning, and ready enterprise, a wonderful strength of mind in bearing the reverses of fortune, and the privations of his lot.

The audacity of their enterprise, the cunning and skill of their execution, their lightning-like rapidity, their dexterity, do, however, create almost as great an interest, as is excited by the valour in combat of others, and are altogether as romantic :—in proof of which, the following story is sufficient.

In December 1816, a few days before a signal defeat inflicted by the English on the main body of the Pindarries, who were obliged to retreat with the loss of the greater part of their horses and booty; one leader, indignant at the want of energy betrayed by those vested with the chief command of the expedition, abandoned it altogether, and led off about four hundred men to act for himself. He dashed across the Peshwa's territory, descended into the Konkan by the Amba-ghaut in the western range, and thence shaped his course

due north, plundering the western shores of India, from the seventeenth to the twenty-first degree of north latitude, and returning by the valley of the Taptee, and the route of Boorhanpoor. This was the only expedition that evaded the British, and succeeded this season. The only loss he sustained was on his return to the river Nerbudda, in the following March. Here he was within a few miles of home, but he found the ford by which he hoped to cross to join the great Pindarry Chief Cheetoo's durra, guarded by a redoubt, occupied by a party of our sepoys. Several of his men were shot in attempting to dash across; but the chief himself, with his main body, and best-mounted followers, retiring from the ford, boldly swam the river lower down, though not without a further loss of men and horses. Those who had worse horses, or less courage, dispersed, and fled into the jungle on the English side of the river, where the greater part were cut off by the wild inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The rest, however, reached their strongholds with a rich booty in their saddles; and the brilliancy of the achievement added even more to their reputation, than its success had done to their wealth.*

* Prinsep's Hist. Trans. in India, vol i. p. 400-1.

The Pindarry who conducted this astonishing enterprize, the hardihood and marvelousness of which will be better understood by a reference to the geography and the maps of India, was named Sheik Dullo. He seems to have been the most adventurous of all the chiefs. The year after, when he saw himself, with the rest of the Pindaries, closely pressed by the English, and that matters were becoming desperate on the banks of the Nerbudda, he proposed joining Trimbukjee at Choolee-Muheshwur, and seeking his fortune in another expedition to the Deccan.

Cheetoo, who has been more than once mentioned, first attracted the attention of the English in India towards the end of 1806. When raising himself on the temporary ruin of Kureem, another Pindarry chief, who had been inveigled and made a prisoner by Sindheea, a Mahratta potentate, he united the durras of many other leaders under his standard, and prepared to make depredations, or to carry on an incursive war on a grand scale.

Numerous and profitable were the expeditions of this wholesale robber, undertaken on his own account; but in 1811, the captive Pindarry Kureem, purchasing his liberty from Sindheea, returned to the scenes of his former power, and soon obtained

his former supremacy. Kureem immediately raised fresh levies of infantry; the chiefs soon rallied round his standard, and he laid his plans to effect a general combination of all the Pindarries for a predatory expedition of extraordinary moment. Cheetoo was obliged to follow the example of his fellow-chieftains, and at the Dussera of 1811, his durra made part of 25,000 cavalry of all descriptions, that were ready, under the command of Kureem, to march against and plunder Nagpoor. But Cheetoo hated Kureem as a rival: he sold himself to his enemies, and went over to them with his troops. Not long after he defeated Kureem, and obliged him to flee with his adherents to a distant country. Cheetoo again shone forth on his rival's eclipse, and at his cantonment of Nemawur, not less than 15,000 horse annually assembled, to issue forth to plunder, under leaders of his nomination, in whatever direction he might prescribe.

The anomalous but vast power of these Pindarry freebooters had been gradually growing up since 1805-6. "Its leading feature was hostility to all regular governments, and of course most particularly against the English and their allies, whose territories offered the richest booty. The existence of these hordes imposed the necessity of

constant vigilance along the whole extent of the south-west frontier of the Bengal Presidency; while, for the security of the Deccan, the subsidiary forces of the Nizam and Peshwa were annually obliged to move to the northern frontier of their respective territories; notwithstanding which precautions, the dominions of those States were constantly penetrated and overrun by the marauders."*

These Pindarries did not pretend to cope with Governments, or to establish themselves in the regions they invaded; their object was general rapine; they preyed upon the people at large; their form and constitution were framed with a view to this exclusive purpose, and when they had fulfilled the object of their excursion, they retired, as they had approached, like robbers.

In 1814, the Supreme Government of India, alarmed at the formidable and still augmenting power of these predatory associations, made representations to the home authorities, and requested their sanction to a systematic combination of measures for the suppression of the evil. Some treaties were set on foot by the English with

* History of Transactions in India, during the Administration of the Marquess of Hastings, by Henry T. Prinsep.

various neighbouring Indian Princes who might have guarded the approaches to our territories and those of our allies; but their jealousies, and a covert design of forming a general combination of the Mahratta powers against us, defeated the negotiations, when under-defensive measures were taken by ourselves.

These measures, however, could not prevent a body of nearly eight thousand of Cheetoo's Pindarries from crossing the Nerbudda in October 1815; after which passage they broke up into two parties. Major Fraser, indeed, with three hundred native disciplined infantry, and a hundred irregular horse, surprised them in a bivouac, and made them suffer some loss before they could mount, gallop off, and disperse. But this did not deter them from continuing their depredations as far as the banks of the Kishna. The other party, which had met with no such molestation, traversed the vast territory of our ally the Nizam, from north to south, and also appeared most unexpectedly on the banks of the Kishna. The territories of our Madras Presidency lay on the other side of the river, and were saved from devastation only by the fortuitous circumstance of the river's continuing not fordable for horses so unusually late as the 20th of Novem-

Banditti and Robbers.



CHETOO THE PINDARRY.

ber. "The freebooters then took a turn eastward, plundering the country for several miles along the populous and fertile bank of the river, and committing every kind of enormity. On approaching the frontier of Masulipatam, they shaped their course northward, and returned along the line of the Godavaree and Wurda, passing to the east of all the English defensive positions, and making good their route to Nemawur, (their head-quarters, where their chief Cheetoo expected their return,) with an immense booty collected in the Nizam's dominions, and with utter impunity." The plunder obtained in this *luhbur*, or raid, was said to be greater than that of any previous expedition.

"Elated at this success, a second expedition was planned and proclaimed by Cheetoo very soon after the return of the first. Pindarries again flocked in from every Durra to join in it; and by the 5th of February 1816, ten thousand, under different leaders, had again crossed from Nemawur."

This time the Company's territory did not escape. After marches of extraordinary rapidity, the freebooters arrived at our civil station of Guntoor on the 12th of March, having plundered and massacred during the whole of their journey.

"The government treasure here, and the persons

of the British residents were protected at the collector's office by the exertions of a few troops and invalids kept at the station for civil duties. It being no part of the design of the Pindarries to risk the loss of time or lives, they immediately moved off with what they could get; and before night there was not a single strange horseman in the neighbourhood. The whole had hurried off westward, making a march of fifty-two miles in that direction the next day. This body of marauders continued, on the whole, twelve days within the Company's frontier; and, after leaving Guntoor, swept through part of the Kupa district, and recrossed the Kishna on the 22nd of March. A squadron of the Madras 4th Native cavalry arrived on the opposite bank of the river, just after they had made good their passage. A considerable force was in the field a little to the west, but though it sent out detachments in every direction, and others were despatched from Hyderabad in their rear, the plunderers escaped from all with impunity. After recrossing the Kishna, the luhbur seems by agreement to have separated into several bodies, in order the better to baffle pursuit and scour the country."

In a manner that seems almost incredible, they

perfectly succeeded in both; and "it was ascertained that nearly the whole of those Pindarries who had passed the Nerbudda in February had recrossed before the 17th of May, bringing a second immense harvest of booty within the year, and without having suffered any loss worthy of mention. Some idea may be formed of the extent of ravage and cruelty which marked the track of these banditti, from what was found to be the damage sustained by the Company's districts during the twelve days that they remained within the frontier. It was ascertained by a committee, sent to the spot for the express purpose of investigating, that three hundred and thirty-nine villages had been plundered, one hundred and eighty-two individuals* put

* A great number of women destroyed themselves to escape violation. No less than twenty-five drowned themselves for this purpose, several with infants. At Mavolee, where some resistance was attempted by the villagers, the women, seeing their protectors about to be overpowered, set fire to the house in which they had assembled to abide the result; and no less than ten, with six children, perished in the flames. Another woman, having fallen into the hands of the savages, and seeing no other means of destruction, tore out her tongue, and instantly expired! Many similar horrors, and some barbarities even more revolting to humanity, will be found recorded at length in the Report of the Committee.

to a cruel death, five hundred and five severely wounded, and no less than three thousand six hundred and three had been subjected to different kinds of torture.

Unable as they had been to intercept them in their retreat, the British, having taken the most energetic measures, appeared on the banks of the Nerbudda, which may be considered as the frontier river of the Pindarries, to prevent any further incursion on their part, by the month of October following.

This first appearance of a British army (weak though it was!) in the valley of the Nerbudda, spread consternation amongst the Pindarries; and the leader Cheetoo, who occupied a cantonment on the opposite side of the river, immediately withdrew with all his own durra.

Emboldened, however, by observing that the English did not cross the Nerbudda to attack them, the Pindarries, after suffering some weeks of abeyance, came to the resolution of pushing small parties across the river, which were to insinuate themselves between the posts, or to turn the flanks of the British line, when they were to pursue the same system of predatory incursion as before. In their first attempt the robbers were beaten back, but on

the 13th of November, while Cheetoo remained in force to the west, large bodies moved with their usual rapidity up the river to the east, "and upwards of five thousand passed the river in sight of the infantry post, on the extreme right of the British line, with a rapidity of movement, which baffled the efforts of the infantry to impede or harass their march. In this manner the passage was effected by others in sufficient numbers to form two luhburs or expeditions." Owing to the admirable arrangements made, and to the almost equally wonderful activity of the British, and to sundry other causes, these raids were far from being so successful as the preceding. An immense number of the Pindarries were beaten and thrown back in their advance; other hosts cut off in their retreat; and we must entertain a despicable notion of their bravery, when we see them continually fleeing from a handful of men, and beaten every time they are met with. Still, however, their depredations this year embraced a more ample expanse of territory than had ever before been attempted, extending from shore to shore of the peninsula of India, and including all the intermediate provinces they had omitted the preceding year.

The following year (1817), after making several unsuccessful attempts at incursions, the Pindarries were hard pressed by the British and their allies, who, under Sir John Malcolm, General Marshall, and Colonel Adams, crossed the Nerbudda about the middle of November, and drove the freebooters entirely out of their usual haunts. Cheetoo retreated westward with his accustomed celerity towards Holkur's forces, which had already taken the field. Holkur received him with friendship and distinction, admitting him to an audience, and allowing him to pitch his camp close to his own. The robber could not, however, long enjoy the benefit of this alliance, for Holkur was induced to conclude a friendly treaty with the British. Immediately after this, as Cheetoo was considered by far the most dangerous of the Pindarry chiefs, Sir William Keir, with a fresh division of our army, was sent in pursuit of him, and succeeded in partially cutting up his durra in the neighbourhood of Satoolla.

Harassed by the activity of Sir William's pursuit, the marauders endeavoured to retrace their steps to their haunts in Malwa, and in the valley of the Nerbudda. Cheetoo succeeded in baffling every effort made to overtake him, and effected

his object, by penetrating through a most difficult country to the south of Mewur. He suddenly reappeared near Dhar, where a very high range of hills sends forth the streams which form the Mhye, a considerable river emptying itself into the Gulf of Kambay. In this extraordinary march he was obliged to disencumber himself of his baggage, and lost many of his horses.

He was now lost sight of for some time. Meanwhile the best of his fellow-chiefs, with their durras, had been annihilated by the British. As for his own durra, though it had suffered much in detail, it was still strong, having, under his wonderful guidance, escaped a rencontre with any of our forces in the open field. But his active enemies were gathering closer and closer around his last lair, and were no longer to be avoided.

On the night of the 25th January, 1818, a strong party of the British came upon him, near Kurnod, and utterly broke up his band. The Bheels and Grasseas (robbers by birth, education, and profession, but "petty-larceny rascals" compared to the Pindarries) were encouraged to plunder and destroy the fugitives—a commission they executed with becoming zeal!

Cheetoo, however, escaped Bheels and Grasseas,

as he had so often the English, and for a short time wandered about Malwa, with some two hundred followers. His affairs, however, became every day more desperate. Sir John Malcolm, in his account of Malwa, gives the following little anecdote regarding Cheetoo, precisely at this time of his extreme difficulties. (It must be remembered that the sea is called by all the natives of central India, "Kala Panee" (black water), and that they have the most terrible ideas of it and the countries beyond it.)

"When Cheetoo, the Pindarry chief, was flying in hopeless misery from the English, he was often advised by his followers to surrender to their mercy. He was possessed, however, by the dreadful idea that they would transport him beyond the seas, and this was more hideous to him than death. These followers, who all, one after another, came in and obtained pardon, related, that during their Captain's short and miserable sleep, he used continually to murmur "Kala panee! kala panee!" (the Black Sea! O, the Black Sea!)

At this conjuncture, it struck Cheetoo that the Nuwab of Bhopal, one of our allies, might make terms for himself and his few remaining followers with the English; and rapidly acting on this idea,

uddenly entered the camp of the Nuwab, who
stonished beyond measure at his boldness.
ut when Cheetoo learned from the Nuwab
e had nothing to offer, beyond a slender
al maintenance in some distant part of Hin-
while he demanded a Jageer in Malwa,
e entertainment of himself and men in
tish service, he decamped as suddenly as
u come. While he stayed, his horses were
constantly saddled and the men slept with the
bridles in their hands, ready to fly instantly, in
case of an attempt to seize them. Preparations
were making for the purpose, the very night he
went off; but he was too well on his guard, and
too much alive to suspicion, to allow them to be
completed. He was, however, instantly pursued
by the Nuwab's people; and General Malcolm
also sent out parties to take him, which distressed
him so much that Rajun, one of his most faithful
and valuable adherents, left him, and made his
submission. Yet Cheetoo subsequently found his
way into Kandês and the Deccan, and made com-
mon cause with the marauding Arabs and chiefs of
the Peshwa's routed army, with whom he became
assimilated, receiving occasional protection from
the Kiladar of the fortress of Aseerguhr. His

durra was now completely destroyed, his followers, one by one, had almost entirely deserted him, but nothing could subdue the robber's spirit, or induce him to surrender. His end, however, approached, and it was tragical and singular. Having joined Apa-Saheb, he passed the rainy season of 1818 in the mountainous heights of the Mohadeo range; and upon that chief's expulsion, in February 1819, accompanied him to the fort of Aseerguhr. Being refused admittance to the fort, he sought shelter in a neighbouring jungle, and, on horseback and alone, attempted to penetrate a thick cover, known to be infested by tigers. He was missed for some days after, and no one knew what had become of him. His horse was at last discovered grazing, near the margin of the forest, saddled and bridled, and exactly in the state in which it was when Cheetoo had last been seen upon it. Upon search, a bag of two hundred and fifty rupees was found in the saddle; and several seal rings, with some letters of Apa-Saheb, promising future reward, served more completely to fix the identity of the horse's late master. These circumstances, combined with the known resort of tigers to the spot, induced a search for the body, when, at no great distance,

some clothes clotted with blood, and, further on, fragments of bones, and at last the robber's head entire, with the features in a state to be recognized, were successively discovered. The chief's mangled remains were given over to his son for interment, and the miserable fate of one, who so shortly before had ridden at the head of twenty thousand horse, gave an awful lesson of the uncertainty of fortune, and drew pity even from those who had been the victims of his barbarity when living."*

This Eastern robber had himself outlived the curious but abominable association to which he had belonged. Their name, and the melancholy traces of their devastation, which are fast disappearing under re-established order and industry, are all that remain of the Pindarries, whose disappearance from the scenes of India cannot be more appropriately described than in the words of Sir John Malcolm, to whom we are indebted for the account of their rise and institutions, and who was himself the principal agent in bringing about their fall.

"There now," says that gallant officer and able writer, "remains not a spot in India that a Pin-

* Prinsep.

darry can call his home. They have been hunted like wild beasts; numbers have been killed; all ruined. Those who adopted their cause have fallen. They were early in the contest shunned like a contagion, and even the timid villagers, whom they so recently oppressed, were among the foremost to attack them. Their principal leaders have either died, submitted, or been made captives; while their followers, with the exception of a few, whom the liberality and consideration of the British Government have aided to become industrious, are lost in that population, from whose dross they originally issued. A minute investigation only can discover these once formidable disturbers, concealed, as they now are, among the lowest classes, where they are making some amends for past atrocities, by the benefit which is derived from their labour in restoring trade and cultivation. These freebooters had none of the prejudices of caste, for they belonged to all tribes. They never had either the pride of soldiers, of family, or of country, so that they were bound by none of those ties, which, among many of the communities in India, assume an almost indestructible character. Other plunderers may arise from distempered times; but,

as a body, the Pindarries are so effectually destroyed, that their name is already almost forgotten, though not five years are passed since it spread terror and dismay over all India."*

* Memoir of Central India, Vol. i. Chap. x.

TRIMBUKJEE.

THIS man, of the turbulent race of the Mahrattas, was almost as extraordinary, and as much of a brigand, as the Pindarry who would have sought his alliance. He had risen from the meanest origin, by the basest arts. He was first a menial servant—then a companion in gross debauchery; favourite, and prime minister to Bajee Rao Peshwa, a powerful Mahratta Prince, with whom the English were brought in contact. He was ambitious enough to contemplate a general rising of the Mahrattas, to be headed and directed by him against our power in India, and to end in the restoration of the Mahratta empire to its pristine splendour. He murdered almost within the holy temple, Gungudher Shastree, the Gykwar minister, our friend, and under our immediate protection. The murderer was for awhile protected by his master the Peshwa, but finally given up on energetic demonstrations on the part of the British; and this

measure stopped the march of a formidable band of marauders, horse and foot, who were coming to join Trimbukjee. He was carried off to our fortress of Tannah in Salsette, where he was kept in close confinement. The better to take care of him, the fort was entirely garrisoned by European troops, of whom a guard constantly watched his personal movements. But this precaution was the very cause of his escape. After he had been some time in confinement, an Indian made his appearance at the fort, offering his services as sâees or horse-keeper, and was engaged by the officer commanding there. This native groom was observed to be very fond of singing. Whenever he led his horses by Trimbukjee's prison door, or under the terrace where the murderer was allowed to take exercise, like another Blondel, he used to chant, and as the words of his song were in the Mahratta language, the English sentries could not understand them, and did not suspect any evil from so common an amusement. But one night, when Trimbukjee had retired to a privy, and left the sentry with the light in his hand outside of the door, the motive of so much music was found out—but too late; for, impatient at being detained so long, on the soldier's opening the door, there was no prisoner there;

but they found a hole in the wall of the unclean recess which communicated on the other side with a stable where the sâees had kept his horses. The night was dark and rainy : Trimbukjee had slipped off his clothes, and crossed the rampart by a rope previously attached to one of the guns, before the alarm was given within the fortress, and thus gained the narrow and shallow channel that separates Salsette from the Mahratta territories, before measures could be taken to intercept his flight—of which, it need hardly be added, the sâees was a companion. His master the Peshwa, who was as great a rogue as himself, abetted his concealment ; and in the following year, Trimbukjee raised a formidable insurrection in the Mohadeo hills, levying troops among the disaffected to the British, and among all the brigands of the neighbourhood. As the Peshwa still approved of all his favourite's measures, and put himself in an hostile posture, nothing was left but a recurrence to arms. The result of this was the entire destruction of the ambitious Mahratta prince, who was sent prisoner to Bithoor, where he continues, or till lately continued, amusing himself with pilgrimages, to wash himself, like a devout Brahmin, in the holy waters of the Ganges. His favourite's fate was a harder

one. Mr. Elphinstone succeeded in seizing him shortly after the Peshwa's defeat. He was at first remanded to Tannah, the place of his former confinement, but ultimately brought round to Bengal, and lodged in the mountain fortress of Chunar, which, and its inmate, are thus described by Bishop Heber, who was there on the 11th of September 1824.

“ On the top of the rock of Chunar, and within the rampart, is a considerable space, covered with remarkably fine English hay grass, now nearly ripe for cutting, several noble spreading trees, and some excellent houses for the officers, few of whom, however, when not on duty, remain here; the reflection of the sun on the rock being very powerful, and the expense of bringing up water great. Within this principal circle, and on a still higher point, are two inner fortifications, one containing the governor's house, the hospital, and the state-prison, now inhabited by the celebrated Mahratta chieftain Trimbukjee, long the inveterate enemy of the British power, and the fomentor of all the troubles in Berar, Malwah, and the Deckan. He is confined with great strictness, having a European as well as a Sepoy guard, and never being trusted out of the sight of the sentries. Even his bedcham-

ber has three grated windows opening into the verandah which serves as a guard-room. In other respects he is well treated, has two large and very airy apartments, a small building fitted up as a pagoda, and a little garden, shaded with a peepul-tree, which he has planted very prettily with balsams and other flowers. Four of his own servants are allowed to attend him, but they are always searched before they quit or return to the fort, and must be always there at night. He is a little, lively, irritable-looking man, dressed, when I saw him, in a dirty cotton mantle, with a broad red border, thrown carelessly over his head and shoulders. I was introduced to him by Colonel Alexander, and he received me courteously, observing that he himself was a priest, and, in token of his brotherly regard, plucking some of his prettiest flowers for me. He then showed me his garden and pagoda, and after a few common-place expressions of the pleasure I felt in seeing so celebrated a warrior, which he answered by saying, with a laugh, he should have been glad to make my acquaintance elsewhere, I made my bow, and took leave. He has now been, I believe, five years in prison, and seems likely to remain there during life, or till the death of his patron and tool, the Peshwa, may

lessen his power of doing mischief. . He has often offered to give security to any amount for his good behaviour, and to become a warmer friend to the Company than he has ever been their enemy, but his applications have been in vain. He attributes their failure to Mr. Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, who is, he says, 'his best friend, and worst enemy,' the faithful trustee of his estate, treating his children with parental kindness, and interesting himself, in the first instance, to save his life, but resolutely fixed on keeping him in prison, and urging the Supreme Court to distrust all his protestations. His life must now be dismally monotonous and wearisome. Though a Brahmin of high caste, and so long a minister of state, and the commander of armies, he can neither write nor read, and his whole amusement consists in the ceremony of his idolatry, his garden, and the gossip which his servants pick up for him in the town of Chunar. Avarice seems at present his ruling passion. He is a very severe inspector of his weekly accounts, and one day set the whole garrison in an uproar about some ghee which he accused his khânsaman, or steward, of embezzling; in short, he seems less interested with the favourable reports which he from time to time receives

of his family, than with the banking accounts by which they are accompanied. Much as he is said to have deserved his fate, as a murderer, an extortioner, and a grossly perjured man, I hope I may be allowed to pity him."*

* Narrative of a Journey, &c. vol. i. p. 495.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF INDIA, OR THE ROHILLA ROBBERS.*

THE following account, which is also from the pen of the lamented Bishop Heber, is replete with interest, and offers one passage, than which nothing can well be more impressive and dramatic. It is, moreover, strictly confirmatory of what has been already several times advanced in this work: that, as justice and mildness of government wean men from rapine and crime, so do tyranny and oppression drive men to them; and when, under the latter circumstances, the nature of the country is favourable, abounding in forests and mountain re-

* The district which gave its name to the Rohillas, a people once considerable in the history of British India, is said to have been the original seat of the Afghans, whose mountainous country (Roh signifies a mountainous country, and Rohillas, mountaineers or highlanders) extended, in length from Sewad and Bijore to the town of Sia, in Bukharest, and in breadth from Hussin to Rabul.—See Major Stewart's Bengal.

cesses, and touching on the confines of another State, an extensive system of brigandage will almost invariably result.

“The conquest of Rohilcund by the English, and the death of its chief in battle, its consequent cession to the Nawab of Oude, and the horrible manner in which Sujah ud Dowlah oppressed and misgoverned it, form one of the worst chapters of English history in India.* We have since made

* In 1745, Ali Mahomed Khan, of Hindoo extraction, the son of a man of the caste of cow-keepers, founded the political power of the Rohillas. In 1772 the Mogul, united with the Mahrattas, attacked the Rohillas, whose country was then by far the best governed part of India; the people being protected, industry encouraged, and agriculture flourishing beyond all parallel. The Mogul withdrew his army, chiefly through the negotiations of the English; but 30,000 Mahrattas, who were only eager for plunder, stayed and ravaged the country, and did not retire until the rainy season came on, and a heavy sum of money had been paid them by one of the Rohilla chiefs. In 1773 the Rohillas joined the Subahdar of Oude and the English against the Mahrattas. Their allies did not prevent the Mahrattas from again ravaging their territories; but much worse followed: the Subahdar of Oude and the English concerted their subjugation and destruction, and executed it with their own arms; for in the following year the English (their allies of Oude behaving pusillanimously) gained a most sanguinary victory over them, in which the brave Rohilla chief Hafez-Rhamet, the soul of the confederation that asserted the independence of their country, was killed whilst

the Rohillas some amends by taking them away from Oude, and governing them ourselves ; but, by all I could learn, the people appear by no means to have forgotten or forgiven their first injuries."

Their insubordination and violence are favoured by the nature of the locality just alluded to — their province is in the immediate neighbourhood of Oude, and a vast forest exists along the whole of their eastern, southern, and northern frontiers.

"In this forest a great Rohilla robber, or rebel-chief, is by many supposed to have lurked the last seven years, for whose apprehension Government have vainly offered no less a sum than 10,000 rupees. Many robberies are, certainly, still perpetrated in his name ; but the opinion of the magistrates at Shahjehanpoor is, that the man is really

bravely rallying his people. This action terminated the war, which was followed up by detestable atrocities on the part of the ally of the English. "Not only was the ferocity of Indian depredation let loose upon the wretched inhabitants, but as his intention, according to what he had repeatedly declared to the English Government, was to exterminate the Rohillas, every one who bore the doomed name, was either butchered, or found his safety in flight and exile."—(See Mill's History of British India, vol. iii.) This war was one of the charges against Warren Hastings, under whose government it took place, but it was voted by the House of Commons, "not worthy of impeachment!"

dead, and that his name only, like that of Captain Rock, remains as the rallying point of mutiny. The military officers of our dinner-party had often been in this forest, which they describe as extensive, and in some places very picturesque, with some few tracts of high land, whence, even in this neighbourhood, the snowy range of Himalaya is visible.

“ The Rohilla insurgents are usually very faithful to each other, and, as in Oude there is neither police nor pursuit, it very seldom happens, if they once escape, that they can be laid hold of afterwards. One of the most notorious of them, who had long eluded justice, came into the hands of Government not long since, under very singular circumstances. He had passed over into Oude, and bought a zemindarrie there, which was last year seized on, under circumstances of excessive injustice, by the servants of the king's favourite, who, at the same time, carried off one of his wives. The zemindar, equally highly-spirited and desperate with Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh under similar circumstances, rode immediately to Lucknow, scaled, by the assistance of his servants, the wall of the minister's private garden, and waited there well-armed, but alone, till his enemy should



Banditti and Robbers.



THE ROHILLA.

make his appearance. The minister did not himself appear, but his two youngest sons came out to walk with their ayahs.* The Rohilla knew them, pounced on them like a tiger, and holding them between his knees, told the terrified women to go and call their master. The palace was soon in an uproar, but he sat still, with his back against the wall, the infants under his knees, and a pistol in each hand, calling out, 'Draw near and they are both dead.' The minister wept and tore his flesh, promising him everything if he would let them go; to which he answered, 'The restoration of my wife, my own safety, and the guarantee of the British Resident for both!' The Rohilla's woman was immediately brought out, and the minister went like one frantic to the English residency, begging, for God's sake, either Mr. Rickets or Major Raper to go with him. The latter went, and the Rohilla, after a horrible pause, in which he seemed still to be weighing the sweetness of revenge against the promises held out to him, rose, took his wife by the hand, and led her away. He was not, however, satisfied with the security of his continuance in Oude, but soon after surrendered himself to the British, saying that he must look for-

* Nurses or governesses.

ward to a confinement of some time, but he preferred their severities to the tender mercies of the minister, who, in spite of his promises, had, he was convinced, already laid snares for him. He is now a prisoner in the castle of Allahabad, but it is generally believed that he has made his peace, and that his confinement will not be a long one, though his offences before were serious enough."

Our sepoy's that are scattered in strong detachments up and down this lawless district, have, generally, plenty of work on their hands, what with the wilfulness of the Rohillas in refusing to attend to the decrees or decisions of Government, in matters of disputed property, and "an inveterate habit of 'lifting' cows and sheep, which the beggarly zemindars and idle long-legged 'gillies' of one village are apt to feel a pride in exercising against those of the next."

The Rohillas seem particularly addicted to horse stealing, and to long-tailed horses. "Take care of that long-tailed horse of yours!" was the first caution the Bishop received. "Keep him carefully at night, under the sentry's eye, or you will never carry him over the ferry of Anopshehr!" The second horse of the amiable prelate's being a short-tailed one, was supposed to be safe.

MEWATTIES.—BHEELS.—BAUGRIES.—
MOGHIES.—GWARRIAHS.—THUGS.

THE Pindarries whose modes of life and atrocities I have endeavoured to sketch, might have been thought of themselves a curse sufficient for any country, however vast, seeing, as we have done, with what rapidity and to what immense distances they were accustomed to extend their incursions. But, besides these hordes, Central India was devastated by other associations of wretches, who for the most part subsisted entirely on plunder. Some of them seem to have struck their baneful roots in the country long ago, others to have arisen under the Mahratta system, and the times of revolution and trouble, which would naturally tend to give strength to the old and birth to the new—and facilities to the execrable operations of all. Sir John Malcolm has described, in a striking manner, the desolation which ensued from letting

loose a population composed of such iniquitous materials. Only those who resided in walled towns were safe from the ravages and massacres of the banditti. The state of the unprotected parts of the country near the Vindyha mountains and the river Nerbudda, where hundreds of villages were seen deserted and roofless, is described by Captain Ambrose, one of Sir John Malcolm's officers : in the year 1818, he ascertained the names, and the names of the villages they belonged to, of eighty-four individuals who had been killed by tigers ; these ferocious animals having literally usurped the country and fought with the returning inhabitants for their fields. Authentic documents also testify that in the state of Holkar, in 1817, sixteen hundred and sixty-three villages were deserted, or, as the natives emphatically term it — " without a lamp," a phrase that denotes the extreme of desolation. All this ruin had been effected by the banditti of Central India, and to Britons is due the cessation of such misery, and the restoration of the country to prosperity and peace.*

* In 1818 the number of villages restored was two hundred and sixty-nine ; in 1819, three hundred and forty-three ; and in 1820, five hundred and eight ; leaving only five hundred and forty-three deserted, of which the whole are long ere this re-

To proceed with these other robbers, in the order I have set them down :

The Mewatties are, or were (for happily we can use the past tense in almost all these cases!) an ambiguous race, half Mahometan, half Hindoo, who were not only robbers and assassins, but, according to Sir John Malcolm, the most desperate rogues in India. It is delightful to learn from Bishop Heber, that they were in a great measure reclaimed, even when he travelled through the scenes of their crimes, which he did with perfect safety ; and to contrast this with the former state of the country, when it was as dangerous as the interior of Arabia is at this moment, and when merchants were obliged to travel in caravans, and to pay high rates for protection to every paltry plundering Raja. " This neighbourhood," says the Bishop, speaking of part of the province of Delhi, " is still but badly cultivated ; but fifteen years ago it was as wild as the Terrai, as full of tigers, and with no human inhabitants but banditti. Cattle stealing still prevails to a considerable extent, but the Mewatties are now most of them subject either to the British Govern-

peopled. This was all done under the influence of the British, whose benefits conferred upon humanity in India, are as a thousand to one in the scale against their injustice and injuries.

ment or that of Bhurtpoor, and the security of life and property afforded them by the former, has induced many of the tribes to abandon their fortresses, to seat themselves in the plain, and cultivate the ground like honest men and good subjects.”*

The Bheels who inhabit the wild and mountainous tracts which separate Malwa from Nemauro and Guzerat, are a totally distinct race, insulated in their abodes, and separated by their habits, usages, and forms of worship, from all other tribes of India. According to Bishop Heber, they were unquestionably the original inhabitants of Rajpootana, and driven to their fastnesses and desperate and miserable way of life by the invasion of those tribes, wherever they may have come from, who profess the religion of Brahma. “This the Rajpoots themselves virtually allow, by admitting in their traditional history, that most of their principal cities and fortresses were founded by such or such Bheel chiefs, and conquered from them by the children of the sun.”†

Here we have again, as it were, the Gael retreating from the Sassenach, and indemnifying and avenging himself by foray, blood, and plunder.

Thieves and savages as they were, the British

* Narrative of a Journey, &c. Vol. ii. p. 323. † Id. p. 495.

officers who conversed with Bishop Heber, thought them on the whole a better race than their conquerors. Their word is said to be more to be depended on; they are of a franker and livelier character; their women are far better treated and enjoy more influence; and though they shed blood without scruple in cases of feud, or in the regular way of a foray, they are not vindictive or inhospitable under other circumstances, and several British officers have, with perfect safety, gone hunting and fishing in their country, without escort or guide, except what these poor savages themselves cheerfully furnished for a little brandy.

“In a Sanscrit vocabulary, seven hundred or more years old, the term Bheel denotes a particular race of barbarians living on plunder; and the Mahabharat, an ancient Hindoo poem, gives the same description of them. At all times formidable, they became the general terror of Central India under the guidance of Nadir Sing. This chief committed a murder, or rather caused it to be committed. The English had now the power of administering justice, and the following instance, which occurred on the trial of Nadir Sing, is strongly characteristic of the Bheel race.

“During the examination into the guilt of Nadir,

when taking the evidence of some female prisoners, it appeared that the father and husband of one of them, a girl about fourteen years of age, had been instruments in committing the murder of which Nadir was accused. She was asked if they put the deceased to death; 'Certainly they did,' was her firm reply; 'but they acted by our Dhunnee's (or Lord's) order.'

" 'That may be true,' it was remarked, 'but it does not clear them; for it was not an affray; it was a deed perpetrated in cold blood.'

" 'Still,' said the girl, 'they had the chief's order!'

"The person* conducting the examination shook his head, implying it would not be received in justification. The child, for she was hardly more, rose from the ground where she was sitting, and, pointing to two sentries who guarded them, and were standing at the door of the room, exclaimed, with all the animation of strong feeling, 'These are your soldiers; you are their Dhunnee; your words are their laws; if you order them this moment to advance, and put me, my mother, and cousin, who are now before you, to death, would they hesitate

* Sir John Malcolm himself. He was assisted on the trial Captain D. Stuart, who noted down the girl's expressions.

in slaying three female Bheels? If we are innocent, would you be guilty of our blood, or these faithful men?' After this observation she re-seated herself, saying, 'My father and husband are Nadir's soldiers.' '*

The chiefs of the Bheels, indeed, who were usually called Bhomeahs, exercised the most absolute power, and their orders to commit the most atrocious crimes were obeyed, (as among the secretaries of the Old Man of the mountain,) by their ignorant but attached subjects, without a conception, on their part, that they had an option. But Nadir Sing was banished for the murder alluded to; his son, who had been carefully educated at Sir John Malcolm's head-quarters, succeeded to his authority, and there is now no part of the country where life and property are safer than amid the late dreaded Bheels of his father.

The Bheels excite the horror of the higher classes of Hindoos, by eating, not only the flesh of buffaloes, but of cows; an abomination which places them just above the *Chumars*, or shoemakers, who feast on dead carcases, and are not allowed to dwell within the precincts of the village. The wild Bheels, who keep among the hills, are a diminu-

* Memoir of Central India, vol. i. p. 550.

tive and wretched-looking race, but active, and capable of great fatigue ; they go armed with bows and arrows, and are still professed robbers and thieves, lying in wait for the weak and unprotected, while they fly from the strong. Their excesses, however, are now chiefly indulged in against the Hindoos. "A few months since," says Bishop Heber, "one of the bazaars of Neemuch was attacked and plundered by a body of the 'hill-people;' and there are, doubtless, even in the plains, many who still sigh after their late anarchy, and exclaim, amid the comforts of a peaceable government,

' Give us our wildness and our woods,
Our huts and caves again !'

"The son of Mr. Palmer, Chaplain of Nusseerabad, while travelling lately with his father and mother in their way from Mhow, observed some Bheels looking earnestly at a large drove of laden bullocks which were drinking in a ford. He asked one of the Bheels if the bullocks belonged to him. 'No!' was the reply, 'but a good part of them would have been ours, if it were not for you English, who will let nobody thrive but yourselves.'"

(These were precisely the envyings and lamen-

* Narrative of a Journey, vol. ii. p. 468.

tations of many among our own highlandmen, when their depredations were checked, and they could no longer carry on the "honourable" calling of their forefathers.)

On first approaching the Bheel villages, the Bishop observed a man run from the nearest hut to the top of a hill, and give a shrill shout or scream, which he heard repeated from the furthest hamlet in sight, and again from two others, which the Bishop could not see. "I asked the meaning of this," he continues, "and my guards informed me that these were their signals to give the alarm of our coming, our numbers, and that we had horse with us. By this means they knew at once whether it was advisable to attack us, to fly, or to remain quiet, while, if there were any of their number who had particular reasons for avoiding an interview with the troops and magistrates of the low-lands, they had thus fair warning given them to keep out of the way. This sounds like a description of Rob Roy's country, but these poor Bheels are far less formidable enemies than the old Mac Gregors."

This ancient people are very expert in the use of the bow, and have a curious way of shooting from the long grass, where they lie concealed,

holding the bow with their feet. Besides, against their prey, quadruped, biped, and winged, the Bheels use the bow and arrow against fish, which they kill in the rivers and pools with great certainty and rapidity. Their bows are of split bamboo, simple, but strong and elastic. The arrows are also of bamboo, with an iron head coarsely made, and a long single barb. Those intended for striking fish, have this head so contrived as to slip off from the shaft when the fish is struck, but to remain connected with it by a long line, on the principle of the harpoon. The shaft, in consequence, remains floating in the water, and not only contributes to weary out the animal, but shows its pursuer which way he flees, and thus enables him to seize it.

They have many curious customs, that date from very remote antiquity. One of them was witnessed by Bishop Heber, and described in his usual felicitous manner.

“A number of Bheels, men and women, came to our camp, (near Jhalloda,) with bamboos in their hands, and the women with their clothes so scanty, and tucked up so high, as to leave the whole limb nearly bare. They had a drum, a horn, and some other rude minstrelsy, and said they were come to

celebrate the *hoolee*.* They drew up in two parties, one men, one women, and had a mock fight, in which at first the females had much the advantage, having very slender poles, while the men had only short cudgels; with which they had some difficulty in guarding their heads. At last some of the women began to strike a little too hard, on which their antagonists lost temper, and closed with them so fiercely, that the poor females were put to the rout, in real or pretended terror. They collected a little money in the camp, and then went on to another village. The Hoolee, according to the orthodox system, was over, but

* The Hoolee is the Hindoo carnival, during which the people of Central India more particularly indulge in all kinds of riot, drunkenness, and festivity. The same indecency of language is permitted as among the ancient and modern inhabitants of Italy at vintage time. This is also the season in India for pelting each other with a red powder. "During this carnival," says Sir John Malcolm, "which lasts four weeks, men forget both their restraints and distinctions; the poorest may cast the red powder upon his lord, the wife is freed from her habitual respect to her husband, and nothing but the song and the dance is heard. The festival extends to the lowest inhabitants, equal, if not greater enjoyments than to the higher; and for the last eight days the labourer ceases from his toil, and the cultivator quits his field, deeming it impious to attend to any thing but the voice of joy and gladness." Vol. ii. p. 195.

these games are often prolonged for several days after its conclusion."

As Bishop Heber advanced in the country infested by the Bheels, he met caravans of Brinjarrees, or carriers of grain, (a singular wandering race,*) escorted by Bheels, paid by the carriers for the purpose. They proceeded by day with an advanced and rear-guard of these naked bowmen, and at night, for security against the robbers, the honest Brinjarrees drew their corn waggons into a circle, placing their cattle in the centre, and connecting each ox with his yoke-fellow, and at length to the wain, by iron collars riveted round their necks,

* The Brinjarrees pass their whole lives in carrying grain from one part of the country to the other, seldom on their own account, but as agents for others. They travel in large bodies with their wives, children, dogs, and loaded bullocks. The men are all armed as a protection against petty thieves. From the sovereigns and armies of Hindostan, they have nothing to apprehend. Their calling is almost considered as sacred. Even contending armies allow them to pass and repass safely; never taking their goods without purchase, or even preventing them, if they choose, from victualling their enemy's camp: both sides wisely agreeing to respect and encourage a branch of industry, the interruption of which, might be attended with fatal consequences to both. The punctuality of these corn carriers is marvellous.

and fastened to an iron chain, which last is locked to the cart-wheel. It is thus extremely difficult to plunder without awaking them ; and in places of greater danger, one of the Brinjarrees always stands sentry. Still farther on, descending from the hills to the low-lands, the Bishop had himself one of these poor Bheels for a guide, who, as he trotted along the rugged road before his horse's head, with a shield and a neatly-made hatchet, and with a blanket of red baize flung over his shoulder, reminded him strongly of the pictures of a North American Indian. The dashing appearance of this man was owing to his being in the Company's pay, as a policeman ; but the Bheels here were generally in much better plight, and less given to robbing than in the hilly country.

After this, a strong escort of Bheels was added to the Bishop's retinue. They not only led him safely through a perilous country, abounding with ravines, and broken land overgrown with brushwood, (the most favourable of places for the spring of a tiger, or the arrows of an ambushed band of robbers, where recently passengers had been plundered by Bheels, and a man carried off by a tiger from a numerous convoy of artillery, on its march

to Kairah,) but they conducted him across the rapid stream of the Mhye, and on his arrival at Wasnud, acted as watchmen to his camp, where their shrill calls from one to the other, were heard all night.

"We were told," says the Bishop, "not to be surprised at this choice, since these poor thieves are, when trusted, the trustiest of men, and of all sentries, the most wakeful and indefatigable. They and the Kholees, a race almost equally wild, are uniformly preferred in Guzerat for the service of the police, and as durwans to gentlemen's houses and gardens."

When Sir John Malcolm began the work of reformation, the very first step he took was to raise a small corps of Bheels, commanded by their own chiefs, and "Before," says he, "these robbers had been in the service one month, I placed them as a guard over treasure, which had a surprising effect, both in elevating them in their own minds, and in those of other parts of the community." Nor did the judicious reformer stop here; he took as his constant attendants some of the most desperate of the plundering chiefs; and the good effects fully answered the expectations which he had formed, by thus inspiring confidence, and exalting bold and courageous men in their own estimation.

We have only to add in honour of this ancient robber race, that the fair sex have great influence in the society, and that in the recent reform, their women acted a prominent part, and one worthy of the feelings and character of their sex.

The very interesting work of Mr. Charles Coleman, (*The Mythology of the Hindoos, with notices of various mountain and island Tribes, &c.*) recently published, affords the following additional anecdotes relative to the Bheels previous to their reformation.

“An English officer, a Captain B——d, had, by interrupting and wounding a Bheel, while labouring in his vocation (of robbery,) been marked out for vengeance. In consequence of this he had a sentry to his house; but from the neighbouring bank of the river they had worked a subterraneous passage for a considerable distance, large enough for one man to crawl along, who had begun to perforate the floor of his bed-chamber when he was discovered. We had at the city where this took place nearly two thousand troops, yet it was necessary, for the officer's safety, to remove him to Bombay. A Parsee messman, who had refused to pay the usual tribute to the Bheels, was found dead in the morning in the mess-room. It was his

custom to put his mat on a large wine-chest where he slept: in the morning he was found with his head placed on the mess-table, the headless body lying on the chest."

An encampment of English, surrounded by two hundred sentries, was robbed by this people:—

"When the morning broke forth, every officer had been robbed, save one, and he had a priest (Bhaut) and a Bheel guard. Nor did the poor *siphauees* escape; for when they gave the alarm of 'thief! thief!' they were sure to get a blow or wound in the leg or thigh, from a Bheel lying on the ground, or moving about on all-fours, wrapped in a bullock's hide or a sheep-skin, or carrying a bush before or over him, so that the sentries were deceived; and if they fired, they were as likely to hit some of the women or children, or the followers, or the officers, as the Bheel himself; and had they fired, the Bheel, in the dark, thus placed in a populous camp, had every advantage, his weapon making no noise, and his companions being ready to shoot the *siphauee* through the head.

"Most of the officers were up during the night, but their presence was useless. Lieutenant B—— did lay hands on a Bheel, but he literally slipped through his fingers, being naked, his body oiled all

over, and his head shaved; and on giving the alarm, one or two arrows were seen to have gone through the cloths of the tent. Were it possible to retain a hold of a Bheel, your motions must be as quick as lightning; for they carry the blade of a knife, which is fastened round the neck by a string, and with which, if they find themselves in a dilemma, they will rip up the person holding them."

Captain Mundy, in his very spirited "*Penand Pencil Sketches in India*," relates this personal adventure.

"I retired to my tent this evening pretty well knocked up; and during the night had an adventure, which might have terminated with more loss to myself, had I slept sounder. My bed, a low charpoy, or 'four feet,' was in one corner of the tent, close to a door, and I woke several times from a feverish doze, fancying I heard something moving in my tent; but could not discover anything, though a cherang, or little Indian lamp, was burning on the table. I therefore again wooed the balmy power, and slept. At length, just as 'the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve' (for I had looked at my watch five minutes before, and replaced it under my pillow), I was awakened by a

rustling sound under my head; and, half opening my eyes, without changing my position, I saw a hideous black face within a foot of mine, and the owner of this index of a cut-throat, or, at least, cut-purse disposition, kneeling on the carpet, with one hand under my pillow, and the other grasping—not a dagger!—but the door-post. Still without moving my body, and with half-closed eyes, I gently stole my right hand to a boar-spear, which at night was always placed between my bed and the wall; and as soon as I had clutched it, made a rapid and violent movement, in order to wrench it from its place, and try the virtue of its point upon the intruder's body, but I wrenched in vain. Fortunately for the robber, my bearer, in placing the weapon in its usual recess, had forced the point into the top of the tent and the butt into the ground so firmly, that I failed to extract it at the first effort; and my visiter, alarmed by the movement, started upon his feet and rushed through the door. I had time to see that he was perfectly naked, with the exception of a black blanket twisted round his loins, and that he had already stowed away in his cloth my candlesticks and my dressing-case, which latter contained letters, keys, money, and other valuables. I had also leisure, in that

brief space, to judge, from the size of the arm extended to my bed, that the bearer was more formed for activity than strength; and, by his grizzled beard, that he was rather old than young. I therefore sprang from my bed, and darting through the purdar of the inner door, seized him by the cummerbund just as he was passing the outer entrance.* The cloth, however, being loose, gave way, and ere I could confirm my grasp, he snatched it from my hand, tearing away my thumb-nail down to the quick. In his anxiety to escape, he stumbled through the outer purdar, and the much-esteemed dressing-case fell out of his loosened zone. I was so close at his heels, that he could not recover it; and jumping over the tent-ropes—which, doubtless, the rogue calculated would trip me up—he ran towards the road. I was in such a fury, that, forgetting my bare feet, I gave chase, vociferating lustily, ‘Choor! choor!’ (thief! thief!) but was soon brought up by some sharp stones, just in time to see my rascal, by the faint light of the moon through the thick foliage overhead, jump upon a horse standing unheld near the road, and dash

* The tents in India have double flaps; the outer khanaut, or wall, forming a verandah, of some four feet wide, round the interior pavilion.

down the path at full speed, his black blanket flying in the wind. What would I have given for my double-barrelled Joe at that moment! As he and his steed went clattering along the rocky forest-road, I thought of the black huntsman of the Hartz, or the erl-king! Returning to my tent, I solaced myself by abusing my servants, who were just rubbing their eyes and stirring themselves, and by threatening the terrified sepoy sentry with a court-martial. My trunks at night were always placed outside the tent, under the sentry's eye; the robber, therefore, must have made his entry on the opposite side, and he must have been an adept in his vocation, as four or five servants were sleeping between the khanauts. The poor devil did not get much booty for his trouble, having only secured a razor, a pot of pomatum, (which will serve to lubricate his person for his next exploit,)* and the candlesticks, which on closer inspection will prove to him the truth of the axiom, that 'all is not gold that glitters,' nor even silver. * * * The next morning, on relating my adventure, I was told that I was fortunate in having escaped cold steel; and

* Indian thieves oil their naked bodies to render their seizure difficult.

many comfortable instances were recited, of the robbed being stabbed in attempting to secure the robber."*

Of the other professed robbers and thieves in Central India, the two principal are the Baugries and Moghies, both Hindoos of the lowest caste: their redeeming qualities are bravery and expertness; they are "true to their salt," or to those who feed them, beyond most of the Hindoos; and so literally do they adopt the proverb, that they avoid tasting salt from the hands of any but their own brethren, that they may not be fettered in their darling pursuit of plunder. The Gwarriahs are a tribe who support themselves by stealing women and children, whom they sell as slaves; but this abominable practice has nearly been abolished wherever British influence extends. The Thugs are the last, and worst of all. They are bands of mendicants, self-called pilgrims, pilferers, robbers, and cowardly, treacherous murderers, chiefly Brahmins, but composed of all classes, even of Mahometans. They assume all sorts of disguises; sometimes seeking protection from travellers, at others offering it; in either case the fate of those who trust them is the same.

* Vol. i. p. 165.

“The Thugs,” says Sir John Malcolm,* “carry concealed a long silken cord with a noose, which they throw round the necks of their heedless companions, who are strangled and plundered. Their victims, who are always selected for having property, are, when numerous or at all on their guard, lulled by every art into confidence. They are invited to feasts, where their victuals and drink are mixed with soporific or poisonous drugs, through the effects of which they fall an easy prey to these murderers and robbers, the extraordinary success of whose atrocities can only be accounted for by the condition of the countries in which they take place.”

The name of these monsters—Thug, *quasi* Tug, in English, would not be altogether inapplicable, as regards a principal part of their performance. “They watch their opportunity,” says Bishop Heber, “to fling a rope with a slip-knot over the heads of their victims, and then they drag them from their horses and strangle them: and so nimbly and with such fatal aim are they said to do this, that they seldom miss, and leave no time to the traveller to draw a sword, or use a gun, or in any way defend or disentangle himself. The wretches who

* Memoir of Central India, vol. ii. p. 189.

practise this are very numerous in Guzerat and Malwa, but when they occur in Hindostan, are generally from the south-eastern provinces."

At an immeasurable distance from these nations of robbers—these hosts of hereditary banditti in India, and more like our casual, lawless associations in Europe, are the Decoits, who particularly infest the neighbourhood of Calcutta, robbing on the river in boats, or plundering on shore. Their gang-robbery is said very nearly to resemble that of the Riband-men of Ireland, but unmixed with any political feeling. Five or ten peasants will meet together as soon as it is dark, to attack some neighbour's house, and not only plunder, but torture him, his wife, and children, with horrible cruelty, to make him discover his money. In the daytime these marauders follow peaceable professions, and some of them are thriving men, while the whole firm is often under the protection of a Zemindar,* who shares the booty, and does his best to bring off any of the gang who may fall into the hands of justice, by suborning witnesses to prove an alibi, bribing the inferior agents of police, or intimidating the witnesses for the prosecution. Thus, many men suspected of these practices,

* A Landholder, or Lord of the Manor.

contrive to live on, from year to year, in tolerably good esteem with their neighbours, and completely beyond the reach of a government which requires proof ere it will punish. The evil is supposed to have increased since the number of spirit-shops has spread so rapidly in Calcutta. These fountains of mischief are thronged both by the Hindoo and Mussulman population, especially at night; and thus drunkenness on ardent spirits, and the fierce and hateful passions they engender, lead naturally to those results which night favours, at the same time that the drinking shops furnish convenient places of meeting for all men who may be banded for an illicit purpose.*

* Bishop Heber's Narrative.

AFGHAN ROBBERS.

THE mountain tribes of the Afghan race who dwell in Caubul, between India and Persia, are nearly all robbers; but like the Arabs, unite pillage with pastoral or other pursuits, and commit their depredations almost exclusively on the strangers that travel through their countries. Although I am not in possession of any striking stories of their actions, there are two or three of these tribes that may claim attention from their peculiarities.

There is, for example, that of the Jadrauns, a race of goat-herds, who wander continually with their goats through the thick pine forests that cover their mountains, and are in appearance and habits of life more like mountain bears than men. They are not numerous; their wild country is never explored by travellers, and they are never by any chance met with out of their own hills. They are sometimes at war with their neighbours,

and always on the look-out for travellers on the road from Caubul through Bungush, near the pass of Peiwaur, whom they invariably plunder.

More important than these bear-like robbers, are the Vizeerees, a powerful tribe, occupying an extensive country among the mountains, which are also here covered by pine forests, but contain some few cleared and cultivated spots. Their habits are almost as retiring as those of their neighbours, the Jadrauns, and Mr. Elphinstone found it impossible to meet with a Vizeeree out of his own country. Those of the tribe who are fixed, live in small hamlets of thatched and terraced houses; in some places they live in caves cut out of the rocks. Some of these rise above each other in three stories, and others are so high as to admit a camel. But most of the tribe dwell in black tents, or moveable hovels of mats, or temporary straw huts; these go up to the high mountains in spring, and stay there till the cold and snow drive them back to the low and warm hills. Their principal stock is goats; but they also breed many small, but serviceable horses. They have no general government; but are divided into societies, some under powerful Khans, and others under a simple democracy;

they are all most remarkable for their peaceful conduct among themselves ; they have no wars between clans, and private dissension is hardly ever heard of ; and yet they are all robbers !

Notorious plunderers, however, as they are, the smallest escort granted by them, secures a traveller a hospitable reception through the whole tribe.

“ They are particularly remarkable for their attacks on the caravans, and migratory tribes to the west of the pass of Gholairee. No escorts are ever granted, or applied for there ; the caravan is well guarded, and able to deter attacks or fight its way through. No quarter is given to men in these predatory wars ; it is said that the Vizeerees would even kill a male child that fell into their hands ; but they never molest women ; and if one of their sex wander from a caravan, they treat her with kindness, and send guides to escort her to her tribe. Even a man would meet with the same treatment, if he could once make his way into the house of a Vizeeree ; the master would then be obliged to treat him with all the attention and good will which is due to a guest. Such is their veracity, that if there is a dispute about a stray goat, and one party will say it is his, and confirm

his assertion by stroking his beard, the other instantly gives it up, without suspicion of fraud.”*

These mountain robbers have really exalted notions of what is due to the gentler sex. So kind to the stray wives or daughters of others, unlike savages or semi-barbarous men, who throw off from their own shoulders nearly all drudgery and labour save that of the chase, or the care of their flocks, these Vizeerees do not require any labour from their women. But not only this; a most extraordinary custom is said to prevail among them—a female prerogative that has no parallel among any other people upon earth, and that reverses what we are in the habit of considering the natural order of things—the women choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives!

“If a woman is pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin which she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman, and the man is immediately obliged to marry her, if he can pay her price to her father.”†

The Sheeraunees are a tribe more important

* Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, by the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, vol. ii. p. 97.

† Idem, p. 99.

still, great part of whose country is occupied by the lofty mountain of Tukhti Solimaun, and the hills which surround its base. Many parts of it are nearly inaccessible; one of the roads is in some places cut out of the steep face of the mountain, and in others supported by beams inserted in the rock, and with all this labour is still impracticable for beasts of burden.

The habits of a pastoral, wandering life, dispose to robbery; but unlike the other tribes, the Sheeraunees are essentially an agricultural people, keeping their valleys in a high state of cultivation, by means of damming the hill streams to irrigate them; and yet they are, perhaps, the greatest robbers of all these Afghans.

They are governed by a chief called the Neeka, or Grandfather, who is superstitiously revered by them, and left in possession of an extraordinary degree of power. He commands them in their predatory expeditions, and before the men march they all pass under his turban, which is stretched out for the purpose by the Neeka and a Moolah. This, they think secures them from wounds and death.

They respect none of the neighbouring tribes that pass through their country, in their annual pastoral migrations; they attack them all: they may, indeed, be said to be at war with all the world,

since they plunder every traveller that comes within their reach. They even attack the dead!

"While I was in their neighbourhood," says Mr. Elphinstone, "they stopped the body of a Dou-ranee of rank, which was going through their country to be buried at Candahar, and detained it till a ransom had been paid for it."*

This is rather worse than a barbarous law that has lingered on even in England to our days, and allows the creditor to arrest the corpse of a debtor. These Sheeraunees, however, enjoy the reputation of unblemished good faith, and a traveller who trusts himself to them, or hires an escort from among them, may pass through their country in perfect security. Mr. Elphinstone says that these curious robbers are very punctual in their prayers, but do not appear to feel much real devotion. In confirmation of this opinion, he adds the following amusing anecdote.

"I once saw a Sheeraunee performing his Namaz, while some people in the same company were talking of hunting; the size of deer happened to be mentioned, and the Sheeraunee, in the midst of his prostrations, called out that the deer in his country were as large as little bullocks, and then went on with his devotions!"

* Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, &c.

THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA.

No class of robbers, always excepting the Pindarries of India, have been more conspicuous, or have operated on a grander scale, than the Buccaneers and Flibustiers of America. I remember, when a child, being horribly amused by a book that was popular at the time, as it probably still is with young people, which contained the lives of many of these notorious characters, with minute accounts of their cruelties and atrocities. The book is probably as fresh in the memory of most of my readers. It is not my intention to draw from it, or to give a ghastly interest to the present work, by quoting how the monster Morgan tortured his captives, or made them "walk the plank," or similar matters, but to give a brief sketch of these daring adventurers from Captain Burney's voluminous, but interesting and authentic work,* which

* History of the Buccaneers of America, by James Burney, F.R.S., Captain in the Royal Navy. 1 vol. in 4to.

in itself contains a mine of geographical and various information, first collected by the Buccaneers. All the other histories of these men, and they are numerous, are, as Captain Burney remarks, "boastful compositions which have delighted in exaggeration; and what is most mischievous, they have lavished commendations upon acts which demanded reprobation, and have endeavoured to raise miscreants, notorious for their want of humanity, to the rank of heroes, lessening thereby the stain upon robbery, and the abhorrence naturally conceived against cruelty."

Captain Burney thus describes the origin of these lawless associations, which for two centuries were allowed to carry on their depredations.

"The men whose enterprises are to be related, were natives of different European nations, but chiefly of Great Britain and France, and most of them sea-faring people, who being disappointed, by accidents or the enmity of the Spaniards, in their more sober pursuits in the West Indies, and also instigated by thirst for plunder, as much as by desire for vengeance, embodied themselves under different leaders of their own choosing, to make predatory war upon the Spaniards. These men the Spaniards naturally treated as pirates; but

some peculiar circumstances which provoked their first enterprises, and a general feeling of enmity against that nation on account of her American conquests, procured them the connivance of the rest of the maritime States of Europe, and to be distinguished, first by the softened appellations of freebooters and adventurers, and afterwards by that of Buccaneers."

Spain, indeed, considered the New World as treasure-trove of which she was lawfully and exclusively the mistress. The well-known Bull of Pope Alexander VI. gave what was then held as a sacred recognition of these exclusive rights. Unaccountable as such folly may now appear, it is an historical fact that the Spaniards at first fancied they could keep their discovery of the West India Islands and of the American continent a secret from the rest of the world, and prevent the ships of other nations from finding their way thither. When, in the year 1517, about twenty-five years after their first settlements, the Spaniards found a large English ship between St. Domingo and Porto Rico, they were overcome with rage and astonishment; and when this same ship came to the mouth of the port of St. Domingo, and the captain sent on shore to request permission to sell his goods,

Francisco di Tapia, the Governor of the Spanish fort, ordered the cannons to be fired at her, on which the English were obliged to weigh anchor and sheer off. The news of this unexpected visit, when known in Spain, caused great inquietude, and the governor of the castle of St. Domingo was reprimanded, "because he had not, instead of forcing the English ship to depart by firing his cannon, contrived to seize her, so that no one might have returned to teach others of her nation the route to the Spanish Indies."

It is really amusing to reflect on this jealousy and these pretensions, now that nearly every one of those islands is under our sway; that every corner of those seas has long been frequented by English enterprise; that our colonies occupy so vast an extent of the western continent; that a people descended from us, and speaking our language, have established the most formidable government of America; and that Spain, despoiled and humbled, is scarcely the mistress of a rood of land in those vast regions from which she would have excluded all the rest of the world.

In the plenitude of her power and pretensions, however, neither the French nor the English, though when taken they were barbarously treated

as pirates, were to be deterred. According to Hakluyt, one Thomas Tyson was sent to the West Indies in 1526, as factor to some English merchants, and many adventurers soon followed him. The French, who had made several voyages to the Brazils, also increased in numbers in the West Indies. All these went with the certainty that they should meet with hostility from the Spaniards, which they resolved to return with hostility. That they did not always wait for an attack, appears by an ingenious phrase of the French adventurers, who, if the first opportunity was in their favour, termed their profiting by it, "*se dédommager par avance.*" To repress these interlopers, the jealous Spaniards employed armed ships, or *guarda-costas*, the commanders of which were instructed to take no prisoners! On the other hand, the intruders joined their numbers, made combinations, and descended on different parts of the coast, ravaging the Spanish towns and settlements. A warfare was thus established between Europeans in the West Indies entirely independent of transactions in Europe. All Europeans not Spaniards, whether there was war or peace between their respective nations in the Old World, on their meeting in the New, regarded each other as friends and allies,

with the Spaniards for their common enemy, and called themselves "Brethren of the Coast."

Their principal pursuit was not of a nature to humanize these desperate adventurers, for it was hunting of cattle, the hides and suet of which they could turn to profitable account. "The time when they began to form factories," says Captain Burney, "to hunt cattle for the skins, and to cure the flesh as an article of traffic, is not certain, but it may be concluded that these occupations were begun by the crews of wrecked vessels, or by seamen who had disagreed with their commander; and that the ease, plenty, and freedom from all command and subordination enjoyed in such a life, soon drew others to quit their ships, and join in the same occupations. The ships that touched on the coast supplied the hunters with European commodities, for which they received in return, hides, tallow, and cured meat."

When the Spanish Court complained to the different Governments of Europe, of which these men were the natural subjects, it was answered: "That the people complained against, acted entirely on their own authority and responsibility, not as the subjects of any prince, and that the King of Spain was at liberty to proceed against them according

to his own pleasure." But our lion-hearted Queen Bess retorted more boldly. "That the Spaniards had drawn these inconveniences upon themselves, by their severe and unjust dealings in their American commerce; for she did not understand why either her subjects, or those of any other European Prince, should be debarred from traffic in the West Indies. That as she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by the donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places others than those they were in actual possession of; for that their having touched only here and there upon a coast, and given names to a few rivers or capes, were such insignificant things as could no ways entitle them to a propriety further than in the parts where they actually settled and continued to inhabit."*

"The Brethren of the Coast" were first known by the general term of *Flibustier*, which is supposed to be nothing but the French sailors' corruption of our word "freebooter." The derivation of the term *Buccaneer*, by which they were afterwards designated, is of curious derivation.

"The flesh of the cattle killed by the hunters was cured to keep good for use, after a manner

* Camden's Elizabeth, A.D. 1680.

learned from the Caribbe Indians, which was as follows: the meat was laid to be dried upon a wooden grate or hurdle, which the Indians called *barbecu*, placed at a good distance over a slow fire. The meat when cured was called *boucan*, and the same name was given to the place of their cookery." From *boucan*, they made the verb *boucaner*, which the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux* explains to be "to dry red, without salt," and then the noun *Boucanier*, quasi *Buccaneer*.

This curious association, that united the calling of hunters and cruisers, was held together by a very simple code of laws and regulations. It is said that every member of it had his chosen and declared comrade, between whom property was in common while they lived together, and when one of the two died, the other succeeded to whatever he possessed. This, however, was not a compulsory regulation, for the *Buccaneers* were known at times to bequeath by will to their relatives or friends in Europe. There was a general right of participation insisted upon in certain things, among which was meat for present consumption and other necessities of life. It has even been said that bolts, locks, and every kind of fastening were prohibited as implying a doubt of "the honour of their

vocation." Many men of respectable lineage became Buccaneers, on which it was customary for them to drop their family name, and to assume a *nom de guerre*. "Some curious anecdotes," says Captain Burney, "are produced, to show the great respect some of them entertained for religion and morality. A certain Flibustier Captain, named Daniel, shot one of his crew in the church, for behaving irreverently during the performance of mass. Raveneau de Lussan took the occupation of a Buccaneer, because he was in debt, and wished, as every honest man should do, to have wherewithal to satisfy his creditors."

In the year 1625 the English and French together took possession of the island of St. Christopher, and five years later of the small island of Tortuga, near the north-west end of Hispaniola, which continued to be for some years the headquarters of the Buccaneers, who, whenever the countries of which they were natives were at war with Spain, obtained commissions from Europe, and acted as regular privateers in the West Indies, and on the Spanish main.

In 1638, the Spaniards in great force surprised the island of Tortuga, while most of the adventurers were absent in Hispaniola engaged in the

chase of cattle, and barbarously massacred all who fell into their hands. The Spaniards did not garrison the island. Soon after their departure, the Buccaneers, to the number of three hundred, again took possession of Tortuga, and then for the first time elected a chief or commander.

As the hostility of the Buccaneers was solely directed against the Spaniards, all other Europeans in those latitudes regarded them as champions in the common cause; and the severities which had been exercised against them increased the sympathy for them in the breasts of others, and inflamed their own hearts with the thirst of revenge. Their numbers were speedily recruited by English, French, and Dutch from all parts, and both the pursuits of hunting and cruising were followed with redoubled vigour. At this time, the French in particular seemed to pride themselves in the Buccaneers, whom their writers styled "*nos braves*." The English contented themselves with speaking of their "unparalleled exploits."

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the French addicted themselves almost exclusively to hunting. Hispaniola was their great resort, and as the Spaniards found they could not expel them from that island, they themselves destroyed the cattle

and wild hogs, in order to render the business of hunting unproductive. This drove the French to other branches of industry, equally opposed to the inclinations of the Spaniards; for finding the chase no longer profitable, they began to cultivate the soil and to cruise more than ever.

The extermination practised upon them by the Spaniards whenever they fell into their hands, seems to have been admitted as a standing and praiseworthy law among the latter people, while it naturally produced an equally sanguinary retaliation on the part of the adventurers. The cruelties of the Spaniards were much circulated in Europe in the form of popular stories, and produced a great effect. A Frenchman, a native of Languedoc, of the name of Montbars, on reading one of these stories, conceived such an implacable hatred against the Spaniards, that he went to the West Indies, joined the Buccaneers, and pursued his vengeance with so much ardour and success, that he obtained the title of "The Exterminator."

Pierre, a native of Dieppe, whose name was graced with the adjunct of "Le Grand," was another famous French Buccaneer. In a boat with only twenty-eight men, he surprised and took the ship of the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish galleons,

as she was sailing homeward with a rich freight. He did not, however, disgrace his exploit by massacre, for he set the Spanish crew on shore at Cape Tiburon, and carried his prize safely to France.

A native of Portugal, styled Bartolomeo Portuguese, also rendered himself famous about this time for his numerous and wonderful escapes in battle and from the gallows.

“But,” continues Captain Burney, “no one of the Buccaneers hitherto named, arrived at so great a degree of notoriety as a Frenchman called François L’Olonnais. This man, and Michel le Basque, at the head of 650 men, took the towns of Maracaibo and Gibraltar, in the gulf of Venezuela. The booty they obtained by the plunder and ransom of these places was estimated at 400,000 crowns. The barbarities practised on the prisoners could not be exceeded. L’Olonnais was possessed with an ambition to make himself renowned for being terrible. At one time, it is said, he put the whole crew of a Spanish ship, ninety men, to death, performing himself the office of executioner, by beheading them. He caused the crews of four other vessels to be thrown into the sea; and more than once, in his frenzies, he tore out the hearts

of his victims, and devoured them ! Yet this man had his encomiasts ! so much will loose notions concerning glory, aided by a little partiality, mislead even sensible men. Père Charlevoix, (a French Priest,) says '*Celui de tous, dont les actions illustrèrent d'avantage les premières années du gouvernement de M. d'Orgeron, fut l'Olonnais. Ses premiers succès furent suivis de quelques malheurs, qui ne servirent qu'à donner un nouveau lustre à sa gloire.*' The career of this savage was terminated by the Indians of the coast of Darien, on which he had landed."

The Buccaneers now became so formidable, that several Spanish towns submitted to pay them regular contributions. They were commanded at this time by one Mansvelt, whose country is unknown, but who was followed with equal alacrity by both French and English, and who seems to have been more provident and more ambitious than any chief who had preceded him. He formed a plan for founding an independent Buccaneer establishment, and at the head of five hundred men took the island of Santa Katalina for that purpose from the Spaniards, and garrisoned it with one hundred Buccaneers, and all the slaves he had taken. A Welshman called Henry Morgan, was the second

in command on this expedition. Mansvelt died of illness shortly after, when the garrison he had left was obliged to surrender to the Spaniards.

On the death of Mansvelt, Morgan became the chief, and the most fortunate leader of the Buccaneers. A body of several hundred men placed themselves under his command, with whom he took and plundered the town of Puerto del Principe in Cuba. At this place a Frenchman was foully slain by an Englishman. All the French took to arms, but Morgan pacified them by putting the murderer in irons, and afterwards hanging him at Jamaica. Morgan, however, whom the old English author of "the Buccaneers of America" styles Sir Henry Morgan, did not respect the old proverb, of honour among thieves; in consequence of which, most of the French separated from him. Yet he was strong enough shortly after to attack Porto Bello, one of the best fortified places belonging to the Spaniards. His bravery and his wonderful address are overshadowed by the shocking cruelties he committed in this expedition. In the attack of a fort, he compelled a number of priests, monks, and nuns, his prisoners, to carry and plant the scaling ladders against the walls; and many of these poor creatures were killed by their countrymen who de-

fended the fort. A castle that had made a bold resistance, on surrendering, was set on fire, and burned to the ground with the garrison within it. Many prisoners died under the tortures that Morgan inflicted on them, to make them discover concealed treasures, which frequently had no existence, save in the cupidity of his imagination.

In the brilliancy of this success, the French forgot Morgan's peccadilloes in money matters, and joined him again in great numbers. There was one large French Buccaneer ship, the commander and crew of which refused to act with him. The crafty Welshman dissembled his rage, and pressing invited the French captain and his officers to dine on board his own ship. These guests he made his prisoners, and in their absence easily took their ship. The men he put in charge of this prize got drunk on the occasion, and the ship was suddenly blown up; whether from the drunkenness and carelessness of the English, or the direful revenge of some Frenchmen, remains matter of doubt. The number of the French prisoners is not mentioned, but, it is said, that three hundred and fifty Englishmen perished with this ship, which was the largest of the fleet.

Morgan's next operation was an attack on Mara-

caibo and Gibraltar, which unfortunate towns were again sacked. These merciless desperadoes were accustomed to shut up their prisoners in churches, where it was easy to keep guard over them. At Maracaibo and Gibraltar, in this instance, so little care was taken of them, that many of these unfortunate captives were actually starved to death in the churches, whilst the Buccaneers were reveling in their dwellings.

Morgan was near being destroyed on his return from these places, for the Spaniards had had time to put in order a castle at the entrance of the Lagoon of Maracaibo, and three large men-of-war had arrived, and stationed themselves by the castle to cut off the pirate's retreat.

But the Welshman fitted up one of his vessels as a fire-ship, in which were stuck logs of wood, dressed with hats on to look like men, and which in every thing was made to bear the appearance of a common fighting-ship. Following close in the rear of this mute crew, he saw two of the Spanish men-of-war blown up, and he took the third. He then passed the castle without loss, by means of a stratagem, by which he threw the stupid garrison off their guard. The value of the booty obtained was 250,000 pieces of eight.

The year after this expedition, (in July 1670,) a solemn treaty of peace, known in diplomacy under the name of the "Treaty of America," and made, in the view of terminating the Buccaneer warfare, and settling all disputes between the subjects of the two countries in the Western hemisphere, was concluded between Great Britain and Spain. But the Buccaneers cared nothing for treaties, and would not be pacified. On the contrary, as soon as the news of the peace reached them, they resolved, as of one accord, to undertake some grand expedition, of which the skilful Morgan should have the command. In the beginning of December 1670, thirty-seven vessels, having on board altogether more than two thousand men, joined the Welshman at Cape Tiburon, the place of general rendezvous he had himself appointed. Lots were then cast as to which of the three places, Carthage, Vera Cruz, and Panama, should be attacked. The lot fell upon Panama, which was believed to be the richest of the three.

Preparatory to this arduous undertaking, Morgan employed men to hunt cattle and cure meat, and sent vessels to procure maize, at the settlements on the main. For the distribution of the plunder they were to obtain, specific articles of

agreement were drawn up and subscribed to. Morgan, as commander-in-chief, was to receive one hundredth part of the whole; each captain was to have eight shares; those who should be maimed and wounded were provided for, and additional rewards promised for those who should particularly distinguish themselves by their bravery and conduct. On the 16th of December, the fleet set sail, and on the 20th they retook the island of Santa Katalina, which Morgan, who had embraced the notion of Mansvelt to erect himself into the head of a free state, independent of any European nation, resolved should be the centre of his establishment and power. The Buccaneers next took the castle of San Lorenzo, at the entrance of the river Chagre, on the West-India side of the American isthmus, losing one hundred men in killed, and having seventy wounded. Of three hundred and fourteen Spaniards who composed the garrison, more than two hundred were put to death.

Morgan had now a *pied-à-terre*, and a good place of retreat on one side of the wild and perilous isthmus; he accordingly set his prisoners to work to repair and strengthen the castle of San Lorenzo, where he left five hundred men as a garrison, besides one hundred and fifty men to take care of the ships

which were left in the Atlantic, while he should go to the shores of the Pacific. It was on the 18th of January 1671, that he set forward at the head of twelve hundred men for Panama. The length of the march from ocean to ocean was not long, but rendered tremendous by the nature of the intervening country and the wildness of its Indian inhabitants. One party of this pirate-army, with artillery and stores, embarked in canoes, to ascend the river Chagre, the course of which is very serpentine. At the end of the second day they were obliged to quit their canoes, for a vast number of fallen trees obstructed them, and the river was found in many places almost dry; but the way by land offered so many difficulties to the carriage of their stores, that they again resorted to their canoes, where they could—making very little way. On the sixth day, when they had nearly exhausted their travelling store of provision, and death by hunger in that horrid wilderness stared them in the face, they had the good fortune to discover a barn full of maize. The native Indians fled at their approach, and could never be caught. On the seventh day they reached a village called Cruz, which was set on fire and abandoned by its inhabitants, who fled as the Buccaneers approach-

ed. They, however, found there a sack of bread and fifteen jars of Peruvian wine. They were still eight leagues distant from Panama. On the ninth day of the journey, they saw the expanse of the South Sea before them, and around them some fields with cattle grazing. As evening approached, they came in sight of the church towers of Panama, when they halted and waited impatiently for the morrow. They had lost in their march thus far, by being fired at from concealed places, ten men; and had ten more wounded.

The city of Panama is said to have consisted at that time of seven thousand houses, many of which were edifices of considerable magnificence and built with cedar: but no regular fortifications defended the wealth and magnificence of the place. Some works had been raised, but in most parts the city lay open and was to be won and defended by plain fighting. The Buccaneers asserted that the Spaniards had a force amounting to two thousand infantry and four hundred horse; but it is supposed that this was in part made up of inhabitants and slaves.

When the Buccaneers resumed their march at an early hour next morning, the Spaniards came out to meet them, preceded by herds of wild bulls,

which they drove upon the adventurers to disorder their ranks. But the Buccaneers, as hunters of these wild animals, were too well acquainted with their habits to be discomposed by them; and this attack of the van does not seem to have had much effect. The Spaniards, however, must have made an obstinate resistance, for it was night before they gave way and the Buccaneers became masters of the city. During the long battle, and, indeed, all that day and night, the Buccaneers gave no quarter. Six hundred Spaniards fell. The loss of the Buccaneers is not specified, but it appears to have been very considerable.

When master of the city, Morgan was afraid that his men might get drunk and be surprised and cut off by the Spaniards: to prevent this, he caused it to be reported that all the wine in the city had been expressly poisoned by the inhabitants. The dread of poison kept the fellows sober. But Morgan had scarcely taken up his quarters in Panama when several parts of the city burst out into flames, which, fed by the cedar-wood and other combustible materials of which the houses were chiefly built, spread so rapidly, that in a short time a great part of the city was burnt to the ground. It has been disputed whether this was

done by design or accident — by the Buccaneers or the despairing Spaniards; but it appears that Morgan, who always charged it upon the Spaniards, gave all the assistance he could to such of the inhabitants as endeavoured to stop the progress of the fire, which, however, was not quite extinguished for weeks. Among the buildings destroyed, was a factory-house belonging to the Genoese, who then carried on the trade of supplying the Spaniards with slaves from Africa.*

The licentiousness, rapacity, and cruelty of the Buccaneers had no bounds. "They spared," says Exquemelin, a Dutchman and one of the party, "in these their cruelties, no sex nor condition whatsoever. As to religious persons (monks and nuns, he means) and priests, they granted them less quarter than others, unless they procured a considerable sum of money for their ransom." Detachments scoured the country to plunder and to bring in prisoners. Many of the unfortunate inhabitants escaped with their effects by sea, and reached the islands that are thickly clustered in the bay of Panama. But Morgan found a large boat lying aground in the port, which he launched and manned with a numerous crew, and sent her to cruise among

* Captain Burney.

those islands. A galeon, on board which the nuns of a convent had taken refuge, and where much money, plate, and other effects of value had been lodged, had a very narrow escape from these desperadoes. They took several vessels in the bay. One of them was large and admirably adapted for cruising. This opened a new prospect, that was brilliant and enticing ; an unexplored ocean studded with islands was before them, and some of the Buccaneers began to consult how they might leave their chief, Morgan, and try their fortunes on the South Sea, whence they proposed to sail, with the plunder they should obtain, by the East Indies to Europe. This diminution of force would have been fatal to Morgan, who, therefore, as soon as he got a hint of the design, cut away the masts of the ship, and burned every boat and vessel lying at Panama that could suit their purpose.

At length, on the 24th of February 1671, about four weeks after the taking of Panama, Morgan and his men departed from the still smouldering ruins of that unfortunate city, taking with them one hundred and seventy-five mules loaded with spoil, and six hundred prisoners, part of whom were detained to carry burdens across the isthmus, and others for the ransom expected for their release.

Among the latter were many women and children, who were made to suffer cruel fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and artfully made to apprehend being carried to Jamaica and sold as slaves, that they might the more earnestly endeavour to procure money for their ransom. When these poor creatures threw themselves on their knees, and weeping and tearing their hair, begged of Morgan to let them return to their families, his brutal answer was, that "he came not there to listen to cries and lamentations, but to seek money." This idol of his soul, indeed, he sought from his comrades as well as his captives, and in such a manner that it is astonishing they did not blow his brains out. In the middle of his march back to the fort of San Lorenzo, he drew up his men, and caused every one of them to take a solemn oath, that he had not reserved for himself or concealed any plunder, but had delivered all fairly into the common stock. (This ceremony, it appears, was not uncommon among the Buccaneers.) "But," says Exquemelin, "Captain Morgan having had experience that those loose fellows would not much stickle to swear falsely in such a case, he commanded every one to be searched; and that it might not be taken as an affront, he permitted himself to be first searched,

even to the very soles of his shoes. The French Buccaneers who had engaged in this expedition with Morgan, were not well satisfied with this new custom of searching; but their number being less than that of the English, they were forced to submit."

As soon as the marauders arrived at San Lorenzo, a division was made of the booty, according to the proportions agreed upon before sailing from Hispaniola. But the narrative says, "Every person received his portion, or rather what part thereof Captain Morgan was pleased to give him. For so it was, that his companions, even those of his own nation, complained of his proceedings; for they judged it impossible that, of so many valuable robberies, no greater share should belong to them than 200 pieces of eight per head. But Captain Morgan was deaf to these, and to many other complaints of the same kind."

Morgan, however, having well filled his own purse, determined to withdraw quietly from the command: "Which he did," says the narrative of the Buccaneer, "without calling any council, or bidding any one adieu; but went secretly on board his own ship, and put out to sea without giving notice, being followed only by three or four vessels

of the whole fleet, who it is believed went shares with him in the greatest part of the spoil."

The rest of the Buccaneer vessels left before the castle of San Lorenzo at Chagre, soon separated. Morgan sailed straight to Jamaica, where he had begun to make fresh levies of men to accompany him to the island of St. Katalina, which he purposed to hold as his own independent state, and to make it a common place of refuge for pirates; but the arrival of a New Governor at Jamaica, Lord John Vaughan, with strict orders to enforce the late treaty with Spain, obliged him to abandon his plan.*

* This audacious and barbarous rover went to England, where he so ingratiated himself with King Charles II. or with his Ministers, that he received the honour of Knighthood and the appointment of Commissioner of the Admiralty Court in Jamaica. In 1681 the Earl of Carlisle, then Governor of that island, returned to England on the plea of bad health, and left as Deputy Governor, Morgan the Buccaneer, the plunderer of Panama, but who was now in reality Sir Henry Morgan. In his new capacity he was far from being favourable or lenient to his old associates, "some of whom suffered the extreme hardship of being tried and hanged under his authority." Morgan was certainly a villain of the first water, for when a crew of Buccaneers, most of whom were his own countrymen, fell into his hands, he delivered them over (he was strongly suspected of having sold them) to the vindictive Spaniards. His "brief authority" only

The Buccaneers, however, were not put down by this new Governor of Jamaica, but under different leaders continued their depredations for more than twenty years longer.

Lord John Vaughan proclaimed a pardon for all piratical offences committed to that time, and promised a grant of thirty-five acres of land to every Buccaneer who should claim the benefit of the proclamation and engage to apply himself to planting. I am startled almost into incredulity by what follows.

“The author of the History of Jamaica says, ‘This offer was intended as a lure to engage the Buccaneers to come into port with their effects, that the Governor might, and which he was directed to do, take from them the tenths and the fifteenths of their booty as the dues of the crown, and of the Colonial Government for granting them

lasted till the next year, when he was superseded by the arrival of a new Governor from England. He continued, however, to hold office in Jamaica during the rest of the moral reign of Charles II. though accused by the Spaniards of conniving with the Buccaneers. In the next reign the Spanish Court had influence sufficient to procure his being sent home prisoner from the West Indies. He was kept in prison three years, but no charge being brought forward against him, the worthy Knight was liberated.—Oh! the good old times!

commissions.' Those who had neglected to obtain commissions would of course have to make their peace by an increased composition. In consequence of this scandalous procedure, the Jamaica Buccaneers, to avoid being so taxed, kept aloof from Jamaica, and were provoked to continue their old occupations. Most of them joined the French Flibustiers at Tortuga. Some were afterwards apprehended at Jamaica, where they were brought to trial, condemned as pirates and executed."*

A war entered into by the English and French against the Dutch, gave, for a time, employment to the Buccaneers and Flibustiers, and a short respite to the Spaniards, who, however, exercised their wonted barbarous revenge on their old enemies, whenever and in whatsoever manner they fell into their hands.

In 1673, for example, they murdered in cold blood three hundred French Flibustiers, who had been shipwrecked on their coast at Porto Rico, sparing only seventeen of their officers. These officers were put on board a vessel bound for the continent, with the intention of transporting them to Peru; but an English Buccaneer cruiser met

* Captain Burney's History of the Buccaneers of America, p. 72.

the ship at sea, liberated the Frenchmen, and, in all probability, cut the throats of the Spaniards.

Ever since the plundering of Panama by Morgan, the imagination of the Buccaneers had been heated by the prospect of expeditions to the South Sea. This became known to the Spaniards and gave rise to numerous forebodings and prophecies, both in Spain and in Peru, of great invasions by sea and by land.

In 1673 an Englishman of the name of Thomas Peche, who had formerly been a Buccaneer in the West Indies, fitted out a ship in England for a piratical voyage to the South Sea against the Spaniards; and two years after, La Sound, a Frenchman, with a small body of daring adventurers, attempted to cross the isthmus, as Morgan had done (though not by the same route), but he could not get further than the town of Cheapo, where he was driven back. These events greatly increased the alarm of the Spaniards, who, according to Dampier, prophesied with confidence "that the English privateers in the West Indies would that year (1675) open a door into the South Seas."

But it was not till five years after, or in 1680, when, having contracted friendship with the Darien Indians, and particularly with a small tribe called

the Mosquitos, the English adventurers again found their way across the isthmus to those alarmed shores. Some of these Mosquito Indians, who seem to have been a noble race of savages deserving of better companions than the Buccaneers, went with this party, being animated by a deadly hatred of the Spaniards and an extraordinary attachment to the English.

The Buccaneers who engaged in this expedition were the crews of seven vessels, amounting altogether to three hundred and sixty-six men, of whom thirty-seven were left to guard the ships during the absence of those who went on the expedition, which was not expected to be of long continuance. There were several men of some literary talent among the marauders, who have written accounts of the proceedings, which have the most romantic interest. These were Basil Ringrose, Barty Sharp, William Dampier, who, though a common seaman, was endowed with great observation and a talent for description, and Lionel Wafer, a surgeon providently engaged by the Buccaneers, whose "Description of the Isthmus of Darien" is one of the most instructive, and decidedly the most amusing book of travels we have in our language.

It was on the 16th of April, that the expedition

passed over from Golden Island, and landed in Darien, each man provided with four cakes of bread called dough-boys, with a fusil, a pistol, and a hanger. They began their arduous march marshalled in divisions, each with its commander and distinguishing flag. Many Darien Indians came to supply them with provisions, and to keep them company as confederates; among these were two chiefs, who went by the names of Captain Andreas and Captain Antonio.

The very first day's journey discouraged four of the Buccaneers, who returned to their ships. The object of the expedition was to reach and plunder the town of Santa Maria, near the gulf of San Miguel, on the South Sea side of the isthmus; and on the afternoon of the second day they came to a river, which Captain Andreas, the Indian chief, told them, crossed the isthmus and ran by Santa Maria. On the third day they came to a house belonging to a son of Captain Andreas, who wore a wreath of gold about his head, which made the Buccaneers call him "King Golden Cap."

Wherever there were Indian habitations, they were most kindly and hospitably received. On the evening of the fourth day, they gained a point whence the river of Santa Maria was navigable, and where

canoes were prepared for them. The next morning, as they were about to depart, the harmony of the party was disturbed by the quarrel of two of the Buccaneer commanders. John Coxon fired his musket at Peter Harris, which Harris was going to return, when the others interfered and effected a reconciliation. Here seventy of the Buccaneers embarked in fourteen canoes, in each of which there went two Indians to manage them, and guide them down the stream. This mode of travelling, owing to the scarcity of water and other impediments, was as wearisome as marching. After enduring tremendous fatigue, the land and water party met on the eighth day of the journey at a beachy point of land, where the river, being joined by another stream, became broad and deep. This had often been a rendezvous of the Darien Indians, when they collected for attack or defence against the Spaniards; and here the whole party now made a halt, to rest themselves, and to clean and prepare their arms.

On the ninth day, Buccaneers and Indians, in all nearly six hundred men, embarked in sixty-eight canoes, got together by the Indians, and glided pleasantly down the river. At midnight they landed within half a mile of the town of Santa

Maria. The next morning, at day-break, they heard the Spanish garrison firing muskets and beating the *réveillée*. It was seven in the morning when they came to the open ground before the fort, when the Spaniards commenced firing upon them. This fort was nothing but a stockade, which the Buccaneers took without the loss of a single man—an immunity which did not teach them mercy, for they killed twenty-six Spaniards, and wounded sixteen.

The Indians, however, were still less merciful. After the Spaniards had surrendered, they took many of them into the adjoining woods, where they killed them with their spears, and if the Buccaneers had not prevented them, they would not have left a single Spaniard alive. The long and bloody grievances these savages had scored against their conquerors, was aggravated here by the circumstance that one of their chiefs, or, as the Buccaneers call him, the King of Darien, found in the fort his eldest daughter, who had been forced from her father's habitation by one of the Spanish garrison, and was with child by him.

The Spaniards had by some means been warned of the intended visit to Santa Maria, and had secreted or sent away almost every thing that was

of value.—“Though we examined our prisoners severely,” says a Buccaneer, “the whole that we could pillage, both in the town and fort, amounted only to twenty pounds’ weight of gold, and a small quantity of silver; whereas three days sooner we should have found three hundred pounds weight in gold in the fort.” It ought to be mentioned, that the Spaniards were in the habit of collecting considerable quantities of gold from the mountains in the neighbourhood of Santa Maria.

This disappointment was felt very severely, and whether it was previously decided, or now entered their heads to seek compensation for this disappointment, the majority of the Buccaneers resolved to proceed to the South Sea. The boldness of this resolution will be felt by reflecting, that they had only canoes to go in, and that they might meet at their very outset a lofty Spanish galeon or ship of war, that might sink half of their frail boats at a broadside. Some of them, indeed, were deterred by this prospect. John Coxon, the commander, who had fired his musket at Peter Harris, and who seems to have been a contemptible bully, was for returning across the isthmus to their ships, and so were his followers. To win him over, those who were for the South Sea, though they had a mean

opinion of his capability, offered him the post of General, or Commander-in chief, which Coxon accepted, and as it was on the condition that he and his men should join in the scheme, all the Buccaneers went together. The Darien chief Andreas, with his son Golden Cap, and some followers, also continued with the rovers, but the greater part of the Darien Indians left them at Santa Maria, and returned to their homes.

On the 17th of April, the expedition embarked, and fell down the river to the gulf of San Miguel, which they did not reach until the following morning, owing to a flood tide.

They were now fairly in the South Sea! The prophecy of the Spaniards was accomplished, and the Buccaneers looked across that magnificent expanse of waters with sanguine hope.

On the 19th of April, they entered the vast bay of Panama, and fortunately captured at one of the islands, a Spanish vessel of thirty tons, on board of which one hundred and thirty of the Buccaneers immediately threw themselves, overjoyed to be relieved from the cramped and crowded state they had endured in the canoes—though of a certainty, even now, so many men on board so small a vessel, could leave small room for comfort.

The next day, they took another small bark. On the 22nd, they rendezvoused at the island of Chepillo, near the mouth of the river Cheapo; and in the afternoon began to row along shore from that island towards the city of Panama. The Spaniards there had obtained intelligence of the Buccaneers' being in the bay, and prepared to meet them. Eight vessels were lying in the road; three of these they hastily equipped, manning them with the crews of all the vessels, and with men from shore; the whole, however, according to the Buccaneer accounts, not exceeding two hundred and thirty men; and of these, one-third only were Europeans—the rest Mulattoes and Negroes. The great disparity therefore was in the nature of the vessels.—“We had sent away the Spanish barks we had taken,” says one of the Buccaneers, “to seek fresh water, so that we had only canoes for the fight, and in them not two hundred men.”

As this fleet of canoes came in sight at day-break on the 23rd, the three armed Spanish ships got under sail, and stood towards them. The conflict was severe, and lasted the greater part of the day. The Spanish ships fought with great bravery, but their crews were motley and unskilful, whilst the Buccaneers were expert seamen, and

well trained to the use of their arms. Richard Sawkins was the hero of the day: after three repulses, he succeeded in boarding and capturing one of the Spanish ships which decided the victory. Another ship was carried by boarding soon after, and the third saved herself by flight. The Spanish commander fell with many of his people. The Buccaneers had eighteen killed, and above thirty wounded. Peter Harris, the captain, who had been fired at by Coxon, was among the wounded, and died two days after. As for John Coxon, who was nominally General, he showed great backwardness in the engagement, which lost him the confidence of the rovers. The Darien chiefs were in the heat of the battle, and behaved bravely.

The Buccaneers, not thinking themselves strong enough to land and attack Panama, contented themselves with capturing the vessels that were at anchor in the road before the city. One of these was a ship named the *Trinidad*, of 400 tons burden, a fast sailer and in good condition. She had on board a cargo principally consisting of wine, sugar, and sweetmeats; and, moreover, a considerable sum of money was found. In the other prizes they found flour and ammunition. Two of these, with the *Trinidad*, they fitted out for cruising.

Thus, in less than a week after their arrival on the coast of the South Sea, they were in possession of a fleet not ill-equipped, with which they formed a close blockade of Panama for the present, and for the future might scour that ocean.

Two or three days after the battle with the Spaniards, discord broke out among the Buccaneers. The taunts and reflections that fell upon the General, Coxon, and some of his followers, determined him and seventy men to return, by the way they had come, across the isthmus to the Atlantic. The Darien chiefs, Andreas and Antonio, also departed for their homes, but Andreas, to prove his goodwill to the Buccaneers, who remained in the South Sea, left a son and one of his nephews with them.

Richard Sawkins, who had behaved so well in the battle, was now unanimously chosen General, or chief commander. After staying ten days before Panama, they retired to the island of Taboga, in the near neighbourhood. Here they stopped nearly a fortnight in expectation of the arrival of a rich ship from Lima. This ship came not, but several other vessels fell into their hands, by which they obtained nearly sixty thousand dollars in specie, 1200 sacks of flour, 2000 jars of wine, a quantity of brandy, sugar, sweetmeats, poultry, and other pro-

visions, some gunpowder, shot, &c. Among their prisoners was a number of unfortunate negro slaves, which tempted the Spanish merchants of Panama to go to the Buccaneers, and to buy as many of the slaves as they were inclined to sell. These merchants paid two hundred pieces of eight for every negro, and they sold to the Buccaneers all such stores and commodities as they stood in need of.

Ringrose, one of the Buccaneers, relates that during these communications the Governor of Panama sent to demand of their leader, "Why, during a time of peace between England and Spain, Englishmen should come into those seas to commit injury? and from whom they had their commission so to do?" Sawkins replied, "That he and his companions came to assist their friend the King of Darien, (the said chief Andreas,) who was the rightful Lord of Panama, and all the country thereabouts. That as they had come so far, it was reasonable they should receive some satisfaction for their trouble; and if the Governor would send to them 500 pieces of eight for each man, and 1000 for each commander, and would promise not any further to annoy the Darien Indians, their allies, that then the Buccaneers would desist from

hostilities, and go quietly about their business." The Governor could scarcely be expected to comply with these moderate demands.

The General Sawkins, having learned from one of the Spaniards who traded with the Buccaneers, that the Bishop of Panama was a person whom he had formerly taken prisoner in the West Indies, sent him a small present as a token of regard and old acquaintanceship: the Bishop in return sent Sawkins a gold ring!

Having consumed all the live stock within reach, and tired of waiting for the rich ship from Peru, the Buccaneers sailed on the 15th of May to the island of Otoque, where they found hogs and poultry, and rested a day. From Otoque they departed with three ships and two small barks, steering out of the bay of Panama, and then westward for the town of Pueblo Nuevo. In this short voyage a violent storm separated from the ships two of the barks, which never joined them again. One of them was taken by the Spaniards, who shot the men; and the crew of the other contrived to reach Coxon's party, and to recross the isthmus with them. On reaching Pueblo Nuevo, the Buccaneers, instead of meeting with an easy prize, sustained a complete discomfiture, and lost their brave com-

mander Sawkins, who was shot dead by the Spaniards, as he was advancing at the head of his men towards a breastwork. "Captain Sawkins," says his comrade Ringrose, "was a valiant and generous-spirited man, and beloved more than any other we ever had among us, which he well deserved." His loss not only disheartened the whole, but induced between sixty and seventy men, and all the Darien Indians, to abandon the expedition and return to the Isthmus.

Only one hundred and forty-six Buccaneers now remained with Bartholomew Sharp, whom they had chosen commander, but who, though clerk enough to write and publish, on his return to England, a very readable account of his adventures, did not at first shine as a leader.

In their retreat from Pueblo Nuevo, they took a ship loaded with indigo, butter, and pitch, and burned two others. They lay at anchor for some time at the island of Quibo, where they pleasantly and profitably employed their time in taking "red deer, turtle, and oysters, so large that they were obliged to cut them into four quarters, each quarter being a good mouthful."*

On the 6th of June, Sharp, who had boasted he

* Ringrose.

would "take them a cruise, whereby he doubted not they would gain a thousand pounds per man," sailed with two ships for the coast of Peru. But on the 17th he came to anchor at the island of Gorgona, where the Buccaneers idled away their time till near the end of July, doing nothing worthy of mention, except killing "a snake eleven feet long, and fourteen inches in circumference."

On the 13th of August they got as far as the island Plata, where Sharp again came to anchor. From Plata they beat to the south, and on the 25th, when near Cape St. Elena, they captured, after a short contest, in which one Buccaneer was killed and two were wounded, a Spanish ship bound for Panama. In this prize they found 3000 dollars. The ship they sank, but it is not said what they did with the crew; as, however, Ringrose makes particular mention that they "punished a friar and shot him upon deck, casting him overboard while he was yet alive," it is to be presumed he was the only sufferer, and that the crew were kept to work as seamen or servants, or in hopes that they might be ransomed, or merely until some convenient opportunity were found for dismissing them.

One of the two vessels in which the Buccaneers cruised, was now found to sail so badly, that she

was abandoned, and they all embarked together in the Trinidad.

On the 4th of September, they took another ship bound for Lima. It appears here to have been a custom among the Buccaneers, that the first who boarded, should be allowed some extra privilege of plunder ; for Ringrose says, "we cast dice for the first entrance, and the lot fell to the larboard watch, so twenty men belonging to that watch entered her."

They took out of this prize as much of the cargo as suited them ; they then put some of their prisoners in her, and dismissed her with only one mast standing and one sail.

Sharp passed Callao at a distance, fearing the Spaniards might have ships of war there. On the 26th of October, he attempted a landing at the town of Arica, but was prevented by a heavy surf, and the armed appearance of the place. This was the more mortifying, as the stock of fresh water was so reduced, that the men were only allowed half a pint a day each ; and it is related, that a pint of water was sold in the ship for thirty dollars. They bore away, however, for the Island of Ilo, where they succeeded in landing, and obtained water, wine, flour, fruit, and other provisions, and

did all the mischief they could to the houses and plantations, because the Spaniards refused to purchase their forbearance either with money or cattle.

From Ilo, keeping still southward, they came, on the 3rd of December, to the town of La Serena, which they took without opposition. They here obtained, besides other things, five hundred pounds weight of silver, but were very near having their ship burned by a desperate Spaniard, who went by night on a float made of a horse's hide, blown up like a bladder, and crammed oakum and brimstone, and other combustible matters between the rudder and the stern-post, to which he set fire by a match, and then escaped.

From La Serena, the Buccaneers made for Juan Fernandez, at which interesting, romantic island, they arrived on Christmas-day, and remained some time. Here they again disagreed, some of them wishing to sail immediately homeward by the Strait of Magalhanes, and others desiring to try their fortune longer in the South Sea. Sharp was of the homeward party; but the majority being against him, deposed him from the command, and elected in his stead John Watling, "an old privateer, and esteemed a stout seaman." Articles between Wat-

ling and the crew were drawn up in writing, and subscribed in due form.

One narrative, however, says, "the true occasion of the grudge against Sharp was, that he had got by these adventures almost a thousand pounds, whereas many of our men were scarce worth a groat; and good reason there was for their poverty, for at the Isle of Plata, and other places, they had lost all their money to their fellow Buccaneers at dice; so that some had a great deal, and others just nothing. Those who were thrifty, sided with Captain Sharp, but the others, being the greatest number, turned Sharp out of his command; and Sharp's party were persuaded to have patience, seeing they were the fewest, and had money to lose, which the other party had not." But Dampier says, Sharp was dismissed the command by general consent, the Buccaneers being satisfied neither with his courage nor his conduct.

John Watling, as Richard Sawkins before him, had a glimmering of devotion in his composition. He began his command by insisting on the observance of the Lord's day by the Buccaneers. "This day, January the 9th, 1681," says Ringrose, "was the first Sunday that ever we kept by command, since the loss and death of our valiant com-

mander Captain Sawkins, who once threw the dice overboard, finding them in use on the said day."

On the 12th of January, they were scared away from their anchorage at Juan Fernandez, by the appearance of three sail, and left behind them on shore, William, a Musquito Indian.

The three vessels, whose appearance had caused them to move in such a hurry, were armed Spanish ships. They remained in sight two days, but showed no inclination to fight. The Buccaneers had not a single great gun in their ship, and must have trusted to their musketry and to boarding; yet it seems they must have contemplated making an attack themselves, as they remained so long without resigning the honour of the field to the Spaniards. They then sailed eastward for the coast of the continent, where they intended to attack the rich town of Arica.

On the 26th of January, they made the small island of Yqueque, about twenty-five leagues from Arica, where they plundered an Indian village of provisions, and made prisoners of two old Spaniards and two Indians. The next day Watling examined one of the old Spaniards, concerning the force at Arica, and taking offence at his answer,

ordered him to be shot—which was done ! Shortly after, he took a small bark, laden with fresh water for the little island, which was destitute of it.

The next night Watling, with one hundred men, left the ship in the boats and the small bark they had taken, and rowed for Arica. They landed on the continent about five leagues to the south of Arica before it was light, and remained there all day concealed among the rocks. When the shades of night fell, they crept along the coast without being perceived, and at the next morning dawn Watling landed with ninety-two men. They were still four miles from the town, but they marched boldly and rapidly forward, and gained an entrance with the loss of three men killed and two wounded. Though in possession of the town, Watling neglected a fort or little castle, and when he had lost time and was hampered by the number of prisoners he had made for the sake of their ransom, and the inhabitants had recovered from their first panic, and had thrown themselves into the fort, he found that place too strong for him. He attacked it, however, making use of the cruel expedient of placing his prisoners in front of his own men ; but the defenders of the fort, though they might kill countrymen, friends, and relatives, were not by

this deterred, but kept up a steady fire, and twice repulsed the Buccaneers. Meanwhile the Spaniards outside of the fort made head from all parts, and hemmed in the Buccaneers, who, from assailants, found themselves obliged to look for their own defence and retreat. Watling paid for his imprudence with his life, and two quarter-masters, the boatswain, and some of the best men among the rovers, fell before the fort. When the rest withdrew from the town, and made for their boats, they were harassed the whole way by a distant firing from the Spaniards, but they effected their retreat in tolerably good order. The whole party, however, narrowly, escaped destruction ; for the Spaniards had forced from the prisoners they took the signals which had been agreed upon with the men left four miles off in charge of the Buccaneer boats ; and having made these signals, the boats had quitted their post, to which the rovers were now retreating, and were setting sail to run down to the town, when the most swift of foot of the band reached the sea-side just in time to call them back. They embarked in the greatest hurry and ran for their ships, too much disheartened to attempt to capture three vessels that lay at anchor in the roads.

In this mismanaged attack on Arica, the Buccaneers lost, between killed and taken, twenty-eight men, besides having eighteen wounded. Among the prisoners taken by the Spaniards, were two surgeons, to whom had been confided the care of the wounded. "We could have brought off our doctors," says Ringrose, "but they got to drinking while we were assaulting the fort, and when we called to them, they would not come. The Spaniards gave quarter to the surgeons, they being able to do them good service in that country; but as to the wounded men taken prisoners, they were all knocked on the head!"

The deposed chief, Barty Sharp, was now reinstated in the command, being esteemed a leader of safer conduct than any other. It was unanimously agreed to quit the South Sea, which they proposed to do, not by sailing round the American continent by the Strait of Magalhanes, but by recrossing the isthmus of Darien. They did not, however, immediately alter their course, but still beating to the South, landed on the 10th of March at Guasco, whence they carried off one hundred and twenty sheep, eighty goats, two hundred bushels of corn, and a plentiful supply of fresh water. They then stood to the north, and on the

27th passed Arica at a respectful distance: "our former entertainment," says one of the Buccaneers, "having been so very bad, that we were no ways encouraged to stop there again."

By the 16th of April, however, when they were near the island Plata, where on a former occasion many of them "had lost their money to their fellow Buccaneers at dice," the spirits of some of the crew had so much revived, that they were again willing to try their fortunes longer in the South Sea. But one party would not continue under Sharp, and others would not recognise a new commander. As neither party would yield, it was determined to separate, and agreed, "that which party soever upon polling should be found to have the majority should keep the ship." Sharp's party proved the most numerous, and they kept the vessel. The minority, which consisted of forty-four Europeans, two Mosquito Indians, and a Spanish Indian, took the long boat and the canoes, as had been agreed, and separating from their old comrades, proceeded to the gulf of San Miguel, where they landed, and travelled on foot over the isthmus by much the same route as they had come. From the Atlantic side of the isthmus they found their way to the West Indies. In this seceding

party were the two authors, William Dampier and Lionel Wafer, the surgeon. Dampier published a brief sketch of this Expedition to the South Sea, with an account of his return across the isthmus; but of the latter, the most entertaining description was written by Wafer, who, meeting with an accident on his journey back, which disabled him from keeping pace with his countrymen, was left behind, and remained for some months the guest of the Darien Indians. Living among them as he did, he had ample opportunity of informing himself of all their manners and customs, and I know no book that gives so complete and amusing a picture of the habits of savage life, unless it be the volume on the New Zealanders.*

Sharp, with his diminished crew, which must have been reduced to about seventy men, sailed with the ship northward to the gulf of Nicoya. Meeting no booty there, he returned to the island Plata, picking up three prizes in his way. The first was a ship called the San Pedro, with a lading of cocoa-nuts, and 21,000 pieces of eight in chests, and 16,000 in bags, besides plate. The money in bags, with all the loose plunder, was immediately

* Published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge."

divided, each man receiving 234 pieces of eight. The money in chests was reserved for a future division. Their second prize was a packet from Panama bound to Callao, by which they learned that in Panama it was believed that all the Buccaneers had returned overland to the West Indies. The third was a ship called the San Rosario, which made a bold resistance, and did not submit until her captain was killed. She came from Callao with a cargo of wine, brandy, oil, and fruit, and had in her as much money as yielded ninety-four dollars to each Buccaneer. Through their ignorance of metals they missed a much greater booty. There were 700 pigs of plate which they mistook for tin, on account of its not being refined and fitted for coining. They only took one of the seven hundred pigs, and two-thirds of this they melted down into bullets and otherwise squandered away. After having beaten along the coast, coming at times to anchor, making a few discoveries, and giving names to islands and bays, but taking no prizes, they sailed early in November from the shores of Patagonia. Their navigation hence, as Captain Burney remarks, was more than could be imagined; it was like the journey of travellers by night in a strange country without a guide. The

weather being very stormy, they were afraid to venture through the Strait of Magalhanes, but ran to the south to go round the Tierra del Fuego. Spite of tempests, clouds, and darkness, and immense ice-bergs, they doubled in safety the redoubtable Cape Horn, nine months after their comrades, who went back by the isthmus of Darien, had left them.

On the 5th of December they made a division of such of their spoils as had been reserved. Each man's share amounted to 328 pieces of eight.

On January the 28th, 1682, they made the island of Barbadoes, where the British frigate *Richmond* was lying. "We having acted in all our voyage without a commission," says Ringrose, "dared not be so bold as to put in, lest the said frigate should seize us for privateering, and strip us of all we had got in the whole voyage." They, therefore, sailed to Antigua. People may say what they choose about the virtues of old times! It is a notorious fact that statesmen and the servants of government were in those days corrupt, rapacious, dishonest. It seems to have been an established practice among the Buccaneers to purchase impunity by bribing our governors of the West India islands. But at Antigua, Sharp now found, as Governor, Colonel

Codrington, an honest man, who would not allow his lady to accept of a present of jewels sent by the Buccaneers as a propitiatory offering, nor give the Buccaneers leave to enter the harbour. The Buccaneers then separated. Some stole into Antigua on board of other craft; Sharp and some others landed at Nevis, whence they procured a passage to England. Their ship, the *Trinidad*, which they had captured in the Bay of Panama, was left to seven desperadoes of the company, who having lost every farthing by gaming, had no inducement to lead them to England, but remained where they were, in the hope of picking up new associates, with whom they might again try their fortunes as free rovers.

When Bartholomew Sharp arrived in England, he and a few of his men were apprehended and brought before a Court of Admiralty, where, at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, they were tried for piracies in the South Sea. One of the principal charges against them was taking the Spanish ship *Rosario*, and killing the Captain and one of her men; "But it was proved," says the author of an anonymous narrative, who was one of the Buccaneers tried, "that the Spaniards fired at us first, and it was judged that we ought to defend

ourselves." I can hardly understand how it should have been so, but it is said, from the general defectiveness of the evidence produced, they all escaped conviction.

Three of Sharp's men were also tried at Jamaica, one of whom "being wheedled into an open confession, was condemned and hanged; the other two stood it out, and escaped for want of witnesses to prove the fact against them."

"Thus terminated," adds Captain Burney, "what may be called the First Expedition of the Buccaneers in the South Sea; the boat-excursion by Morgan's men in the Bay of Panama being of too little consequence to be so reckoned. They had now made successful experiments of the route both by sea and land; and the Spaniards in the South Sea had reason to apprehend a speedy renewal of their visit."

And indeed their visit was repeated the very next year. "On August the 23rd, 1683," says William Dampier, who had not had enough of his first expedition, "we sailed from Virginia, under the command of Captain Cook, bound for the South Seas." Their adventurous, dangerous mode of life must have had strong charms for them, for besides Dampier and Cook, Lionel Wafer, Edward Davis,

and Ambrose Cowley, went for the second time, and indeed nearly all of their crew, amounting to about seventy men, were old Buccaneers.

Their ship was called the *Revenge*, and mounted eighteen guns: an immense superiority over the craft with which they had already scoured those seas, and which had not even a single large gun on board.

Quite enough has been said to give the reader a notion of the mode of proceeding and living of these marauders. Without including an account of the discoveries they made in the South Sea, and the additions Dampier and Wafer procured to our knowledge of the natural history of those parts of the globe, and of the manners and habits of the savages who inhabited them, a continuation of the narrative of the Buccaneers would be monotonous; and to include these would occupy too much space, and not be germane to a work like the present. I will, therefore, mention only a few particulars, and hasten to the extinction of these extraordinary associations.

When the *Revenge* got into the South Sea, they were surprised to find another English ship there. This ship had been fitted out in the river Thames, under a pretence of trading, but with

the intention of making a piratical voyage. Her commander was one John Eaton, who readily agreed to keep company with Cook. Cook died in July, just as they made Cape Blanco, and Edward Davis, the second in command, was unanimously elected to succeed him. This man, though a Buccaneer, had many good and some great qualities. Humane himself, he repressed the ferocity of his companions; he was prudent, moderate, and steady; and such was his commanding character, and the confidence his worth and talent inspired, that no rival authority was ever set up against him, but the lawless and capricious freebooters obeyed him implicitly in all that he ordered. For a long while he maintained his sway, not only over the two ships already mentioned, but over another English vessel, and over two hundred French, and eighty English Buccaneers that crossed the isthmus of Darien, and joined him, besides other parties, that went from time to time to try their fortunes in the South Seas.

By far the most interesting incident in the history of these marauders is found in this their second expedition in the Pacific.

On their first cruise, when under the command of Watling, the Buccaneers having been suddenly

scared away from the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez by the appearance of three armed Spanish ships, left behind them one William, an Indian of the Mosquito tribe, whose attachment to the English adventurers has been mentioned. The poor fellow was absent in the woods, hunting goats for food for the Buccaneers at the time of the alarm, and they could spare no time to search after him. When this second expedition came near Juan Fernandez, on March 22nd, 1684, several of the Buccaneers who had been with Watling, and were still attached to their faithful Indian comrade William, were eager to discover if any traces could be found of him on the island, and accordingly made for it in great haste in a row-boat.

In this boat was Dampier, who, marauder though he was, has described the scene with exquisite simplicity and feeling, and Robin a Mosquito Indian. As they approached the shore, to their astonishment and delight they saw William at the sea-side waiting to receive them.

“ Robin, his countryman,” says Dampier, “ was the first who leaped ashore from the boat, and running to his brother Mosquito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who helping him up and

embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise, tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies were over, we, also, that stood gazing at them, drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

William had by this time lived in utter solitude for more than three years. The Spaniards knew that he had been left behind at the island, and several ships of that nation had stopped there and sent people in pursuit of him, but he, dreading they would put him to death as an ally of their persecutors, the English Buccaneers, had each time fled and succeeded in concealing himself from their search.

When his friends first sailed away and left him at Juan Fernandez, William had with him a musket, a small horn of powder, a few shot, and a knife. "When his ammunition was expended," continues Dampier, "he contrived, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, where-with he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long

knife, heating the pieces of iron first in the fire, and then hammering them out as he pleased with stones. This may seem strange to those not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than what the Mosquito men were accustomed to in their own country." He had worn out the English clothes with which he had landed, and now had no covering save a goat-skin round his waist. For fishing, he made lines from seal-skins cut into thongs. "He had built himself a hut, half a mile from the sea-shore, which he lined with goat-skins, and slept on his couch or *barbecu* of sticks raised about two feet from the ground, and spread with goats'-skins." He saw the Buccaneers' ships the day before, and with his quick sight perceived at a great distance, that from their rigging and manner of manœuvring they must be English; he therefore killed three goats, which he dressed with vegetables, and when his friends and liberators landed he had a feast ready prepared for them.

After having cruised for four years, Davis and many of his companions returned to the West Indies in 1688, in time to benefit by a proclamation offering the King's pardon to all Buccaneers who would claim it and quit their lawless way of

life. "It was not," says Captain Burney, "the least of fortune's favours to this crew, that they should find it in their power, without any care or forethought of their own, to terminate a long course of piratical adventures in quietness and security."

By a short time after the return of Davis all the Buccaneers, both French and English, had quitted the South Sea, most of them having effected a retreat across the isthmus, in which they met with some most desperate adventures. They continued their depredations for a few years longer in the West Indian seas, and on the coasts of the Spanish main, but they never returned to the Pacific.

On the accession of William III. a war between Great Britain and France, that had been an unusually long time at peace with each other, seemed inevitable. The French in the West Indies did not wait for its declaration, but attacked the English portion of St. Christopher, which island, by joint agreement, had been made the original and confederated settlement of the two nations. The English were forced to retire to the island of St. Nevis. The war between France and England, which followed, lasted till nearly the end of William's reign. The old ties of amity were rent asunder,

and the Buccaneers, who had been so long leagued against the Spaniards, now carried arms against each other, the French acting as auxiliaries to the regular forces of their nation, the English fighting under the royal flag of theirs. They never again confederated in any Buccaneer cause. Had they been always united and properly headed—had conquest and not plunder been their object, they might gradually have obtained possession of a great part of the West Indies—they might at once have established an independent state among the islands of the Pacific ocean.

The treaty of Ryswick, which was signed in September 1697, and the views of the English and French cabinets as regarded Spain, and then, four years later, the accession of a Bourbon prince to the Spanish throne, led to the final suppression of these marauders. Many of them turned planters or negro drivers, or followed their profession of sailors on board of merchant vessels; but others, who had good cruising ships, quitted the West Indies, separated, and went roving to different parts of the globe. "Their distinctive mark, which they undeviatingly preserved nearly two centuries, was their waging constant war against the Spaniards, and against them only."—Now this was obliterated, and they no longer existed as Buccaneers.

I conclude with the words of Captain Burney, in which will be found a melancholy truth, but which, I hope, from the amelioration of our Colonial governments and our general improvement, will soon, as regards Englishmen and present times, appear like a falsehood.

“ In the history of so much robbery and outrage, the rapacity shown in some instances by the European Governments in their West Indian transactions, and by Governors of their appointment, appears in a worse light than that of the Buccaneers, from whom, they being professed ruffians, nothing better was expected. The superior attainments of Europeans, though they have done much towards their own civilization, chiefly in humanizing their institutions, have, in their dealings with the inhabitants of the rest of the globe, with few exceptions, been made the instruments of usurpation and extortion.

“ After the suppression of the Buccaneers, and partly from their relics, arose a race of pirates of a more desperate cast, so rendered by the increased danger of their occupation, who for a number of years preyed upon the commerce of all nations, till they were hunted down, and, it may be said, exterminated.”

THE ABBÉ DE VATTEVILLE.

ALL my readers will remember that there has been a doubt expressed, whether or not a dignitary of the English Church had not been in early life a Buccaneer and a robber. I say all will remember it, because Lord Byron alluded to the circumstance in a note to "The Corsair," one of the finest of his poems.

As, however, the passage is short as it is curious, I will quote it here.

"In Noble's continuation of Granger's Biographical History there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne; and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.—'There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted he was a

Buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed, that Blackbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the arch-deanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a Buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so per-

fect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians,) as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakspeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages, and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford.* He is allowed to have been a pleasant man ; this, however, was turned against him, by its being said, ' he gained more hearts than souls.' "

If the identification cannot be established in the case of our countryman Archbishop Blackbourne, the French Church offers a most remarkable and

* These arguments do not appear to me to be very conclusive. Dampier, Lionel Wafer, Sharp, and others of the Buccaneers, were men of considerable education. From their acquirements to the classical accomplishments of Blackbourne is indeed a step, but still it is only a question of degree, and in associations where there were such civilized men as they, there might be one still more cultivated, like Blackbourne. I have no anxiety to prove the identity of a robber and a bishop, but think there can be nothing so very improbable in the story, that a wild youth, even though educated at " Christ-church College, Oxford," should have been a Buccaneer in the West Indies, and then have returned, and, after a dubious reformation of his morals, have attained high church preferment, by his talents, his intrigues, or by a fortunate patronage.

well-authenticated instance of a murderer, a renegado, and a worse than robber, who attained eminence in the Catholic Hierarchy.

I translate the wonderful history of this successful and remorseless villain as it is given in that rich mine of contemporary biography and history, the *Memoires of the Duke of St. Simond*.

“The death of the Abbé de Vatteville made less noise (in the year 1702,) but the prodigy of his life merits to be mentioned. He was the brother of the Baron de Vatteville, ambassador of Spain in England, who, at London in October 1661, offered a sort of insult to the Count, since Maréchal d'Estrade, ambassador of France, touching the etiquette of precedence.

“These Vattevilles are people of quality of the Franche Comté. This youngest son became a monk of the Order of the Carthusians in very early life, and after his profession was ordained as priest. He had a deal of wit and spirit; but a spirit free and impetuous, which soon became impatient of the monastic yoke to which he had submitted. Incapable of remaining any longer in subjection to such annoying observances, he deliberated on the means of liberating himself from them. He found means to procure private clothes to wear instead

of his monkish garb; and, moreover, some money; pistols, and a horse that was to be in waiting for him at a short distance from the monastery. He had not been able to do all this without exciting some suspicion. His superior, indeed, suspected him, when one night, as he was between sleep and awake, Vatteville stole into his room. The prior feigned to be fast asleep, and the monk retreated from his bedside with a key that opened one of the outer gates of the monastery. Shortly after the prior went with a *passe-par-tout*, and opened the door of his cell, when he found Vatteville dressed in his secular clothes on a rope-ladder, with which he was going to climb the walls. Hereupon the prior begins to cry out aloud, and Vatteville shoots him dead with a pistol, and escapes. Two or three days after, he stops to dine at a mean public-house, situated alone in a solitary part of the country, for he had avoided as much as he could stopping at inhabited places; he dismounts, and asks what there is in the larder? The host replies, a leg of mutton and a capon. 'Bah!' answers my unfrocked monk, 'put them both on the spit.' The host would represent to him that a leg of mutton and a capon are too much for one man, and that these gone, there is

Banditti and Robbers.



ABBE VATTEVILLE TAKING THE CONVENT KEYS.



nothing else in the house. The monk becomes angry, and tells him that when a man can pay, the least he can expect is to have what he wishes, and that his appetite is good enough to eat both. The host does not dare reply, and puts the leg of mutton and the capon down to the fire. As these two roasts were done, there comes another man on horseback, and also alone, to dine at the cabaret. He asks what there is to eat, and is told there is nothing but what he sees just ready to be taken from the spit. He then inquires how many persons is this ordered for, and is very much astonished that it should be all for one man. He proposes in paying his portion to partake of this dinner, and he is still more surprised at the answer of the host, who assures him he doubts whether this will be allowed, judging from the air of the person who had first ordered the dinner. On this the traveller goes up-stairs, civilly addresses Vatteville, and begs he will condescend to let him dine with him, paying of course his share, as there is nothing in the house except what he has ordered. Vatteville will not consent to this: a dispute begins—becomes warm; brief, the monk deals with him as he had done with his superior, and kills his man with a pistol-shot. He then tran-

quilly goes down-stairs, and in the midst of the affright of the host, and of all the people about the inn, orders up his leg of mutton and his capon, which he eats to the very bones, pays his bill, mounts his horse, and is off.

“ Not knowing what to do with himself, he goes to the Turks ; and to be short, he gets himself circumcised, puts on the turban, and enters their army. His renegation advances him ; his wit and his valour distinguish him, and he becomes a Pasha, and a confidential man in the Morea, where the Turks were carrying on war against the Venetians. He took several fortified places, and conducted himself so well with the Turks, that he believed himself in a position to take advantage of his circumstances, in which he could not be comfortable. He found the means of addressing the Government of the Republic, and of making his bargain with them. He promised verbally to give up several fortresses, and to make them acquainted with numerous secrets of the Turks, on condition that they should procure and bring him in all and its best forms the absolution of his Holiness the Pope for the sundry misdeeds of his life, his murders, his apostasy—an entire security against the Carthusians ; an assurance that he should not be given over to any other

monastic order, but fully restored to the secular condition, with all the rights of those who never quitted it, and fully reinstated in the exercise of his order of priesthood, with a faculty of possessing all sorts of benefices. The Venetians too well found their account in this to attempt to spare themselves, and the Pope believed the interest of the Church great enough to favour the Christians against the Turks; with a good grace he granted all the demands of the Pasha. When Vatteville was well assured that all these representations had reached the Government in the best form, he took his measures so well that he perfectly executed all that he had engaged to do for the Venetians. As soon as he had done this, he went over to the Venetian army, then embarked on board of one of their ships, which carried him to Italy. He went to Rome, the Pope received him well; and fully reassured, he returned to Franche Comté to the bosom of his family, where he amused himself by spiting the Carthusians.

“These singular events of his life made him much known at the first conquest of the Franche Comté: he was thought a man of address and intrigue; he closely connected himself with the Queen-mother, then with Ministers, who adroitly

made use of him at the second conquest of the same province. He rendered great services, but not for nothing. He had stipulated for the Archbishopric of Bésançon, and in effect, after the second conquest, he was named to it. The Pope could not make up his mind to the giving Vatteville the necessary Bulls, but exclaimed against the atrocity of his murders, his apostasy, and circumcision. The King entered into the reasons of the Pope, and he capitulated with the Abbé de Vatteville, who contented himself with the Abbey of Beaume, the half of Franche Comté, an intermediate property in Picardy, and sundry other advantages. He afterwards lived in his Abbey of Beaume, part of his time on his estates, sometimes at Bésançon, but rarely at Paris and the Court, where he was always received with distinction.

“ He had wherever he went, numerous equipages and attendants, a splendid establishment, fine packs of hounds, a sumptuous table, and good company. He put himself under no restraint as regarded women, and lived not only *en grand Seigneur*, much feared, and much respected, but, after the ancient fashion, tyrannizing over the people on his estates, those about his Abbey, and sometimes over his neighbours; above all, he was very absolute in his

own house. The Intendants of the Province bent their shoulders, and by express orders of the Government, as long as he lived, let him do as he chose, and dared not oppose him in anything; neither as to the taxes, which he regulated as he thought fit in all the territories depending on him, nor as to any of his enterprises, which were frequently most violent ones. With these morals and with this comportment, that made him be feared and respected, he delighted, at times, to go and see the Carthusians, in order that he might glorify himself on having thrown off their hood. He was a rare good player at the game of ombre, and so frequently gained *codille*, that he was nicknamed from that circumstance L'Abbé Codille. He lived in this style, and always with the same licence, and in the same high consideration, nearly to the age of ninety. The grandson of Vatteville's brother, after an interval of many years, married a half-sister of Monsieur du Maurepas."*

* Memoires du Duc de St. Simon, vol. iii. p. 239.

CHINESE PIRATES.

THE Celestial Empire, spite of the boasted wisdom of its government, and the virtue and order that have been supposed to reign there for so many centuries, is no more free from robbers than countries of less ancient date and inferior pretension. On the contrary, if we except India and her Pindarries, no part of the world has, in our time, witnessed such formidable and numerous associations of freebooters. These Chinese robbers were pirates, and I am disposed to give a sketch of them and their adventures, as a striking *pendant* to the preceding chapter on the Buccaneers of South America; and this, because I am not only in possession of a most curious account of the suppression or pacification of the rovers, translated from the original Chinese, but of a corroboration written by an Englishman, who was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, and to see his comrades (English

sailors) obliged to take part in their marauding and murderous expeditions.

For the translation of *Yuen Tsze's* "History of the Pirates who infested the China Sea from 1807 to 1810," we are indebted to that excellent institution the Oriental Translation Fund, and to the labours of the distinguished Orientalist Mr. Charles Fried Neumann; and for the Narrative* of his captivity and treatment amongst the Ladrões, (pirates) to Richard Glasspoole, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, a gentleman who is still living. I shall make out my account of the Chinese pirates from either of these two authorities, without copying them both, or quoting from them in any other order than what suits the convenience of the narrative.

The Ladrões, as they were christened by the Portuguese of Macao, were originally a disaffected set of Chinese, that revolted against the oppression of the Mandarines. The first scene of their depredations was the Western coast, about Cochin-China, where they began by attacking small trading vessels in row-boats, carrying from thirty to forty men each. They continued this system of piracy, and thrived and increased in numbers

* First published in Wilkinson's Travels to China.

under it, for several years. At length the fame of their successes, and the oppression and horrid poverty and want that many of the lower order of Chinese laboured under, had the effect of augmenting their bands with astonishing rapidity. Fishermen and other destitute classes flocked by hundreds to their standard, and their audacity growing with their numbers, they not merely swept the coast, but blockaded all the principal rivers, and attacked and took several large government war junks, mounting from ten to fifteen guns each.

These junks being added to their shoals of boats, the pirates formed a tremendous fleet, which was always along shore, so that no small vessel could safely trade on the coast. When they lacked prey on the sea, they laid the land under tribute. They were at first accustomed to go on shore and attack the maritime villages, but becoming bolder, they, like the Buccaneers, made long inland journeys, and surprised and plundered even large towns.

An energetic attempt made by the Chinese government to destroy them, only increased their strength; for in their very first rencounter with the pirates, twenty-eight of the Imperial junks struck,

and the remaining twelve saved themselves by a precipitate retreat.

The captured junks, fully equipped for war, were a great acquisition to the robbers, whose numbers now increased more rapidly than ever. They were in their plenitude of power in the year 1809, when Mr. Glasspoole had the misfortune to fall into their hands, at which time, that gentleman supposed their force to consist of 70,000 men, navigating eight hundred large vessels, and one thousand small ones, including row-boats. They were divided into six large squadrons, under different flags ;—the red, the yellow, the green, the blue, the black, and the white. “These wasps of the ocean,” as the Chinese historian pertinently calls them, were further distinguished by the names of their respective commanders. Of these commanders a certain *Ching-yih* had been the most distinguished by his valour and conduct. By degrees Ching obtained almost a supremacy of command over the whole united fleet ; and so confident was this robber in his strength and daily augmenting means, that he aspired to the dignity of a great political character, and went so far as openly to declare his patriotic intention of hurling the pre-

sent Tartar family from the throne of China, and of restoring the ancient native Chinese dynasty.

But unfortunately for this ambitious pirate, "it happened that on the seventeenth day of the tenth moon, in the twentieth year of Këa-King," he perished in a heavy gale, and instead of placing a sovereign on the Chinese throne, he and his lofty aspirations were buried in the sea of China. And now comes the most remarkable passage in the history of these pirates—remarkable with any class of men, but doubly so among the Chinese, who entertain more than the general oriental opinion of the inferiority, or nothingness, of the fair sex.

On the death of *Ching-yih*, his legitimate wife had sufficient influence over the freebooters to induce them to recognize her authority in the place of her deceased husband's ; and she appointed one *Paou* as her lieutenant and prime minister, and provided that she should be considered the mistress or the commander-in-chief of the united squadrons.

This *Paou* had been a poor fisher-boy, picked up with his father at sea, while fishing, by *Ching-yih*, whose good will and favour he had the fortune to captivate, and by whom, before that pirate's death, he had been made a headman or captain.

The grave Chinese historian does not descend into such domestic particulars, but we may presume, from her appointing him to be her lieutenant, that *Paou* had been equally successful in securing the good graces of *Mistress Ching*, (as the worthy translator somewhat irreverently styles our Chinese heroine.)

Instead of declining under the rule of a woman, the pirates became more enterprising than ever. Ching's widow was clever as well as brave, and so was her lieutenant Paou. Between them they drew up a code of laws for the better regulation of their freebooters.

In this it was decreed, that if any man went privately on shore, or did what they called "transgressing the bars," he should have his ears slit in the presence of the whole fleet; a repetition of the same unlawful act, was death! No one article, however trifling in value, was to be privately subtracted from the booty or plundered goods. Every thing they took was regularly entered on the register of their stores. The pirates were to receive in due proportion, out of this common fund, their shares, or what they stood in need of, and any one of them purloining any thing from this general fund, was to be punished with death. (These re-

gulations of the Chinese pirates correspond with those in force among the Buccaneers ; when the latter robbers had taken a prize, each man held up his hand, and swore he had secreted nothing for his private advantage. Similar arrangements will be found to have existed among all predatory associations, and only prove how soon even the most lawless bodies of men must feel the necessity of something like law among themselves.) The following clause of Mistress Ching's code is still more delicate.

“ No person shall debauch at his pleasure captive women, taken in the villages and open places, and brought on board a ship ; he must first request the ship's purser for permission, and then go aside in the ship's hold. To use violence against any woman, or to wed her, without permission, shall be punished with death.”

That the pirates might never feel the want of provisions and other supplies, it was ordered by Ching-yih's widow, that every thing should be done to gain the common country people to their interest. Wine, rice, and all other goods were to be paid for, as the villagers delivered them : capital punishment was pronounced on every pirate who should take any thing of this kind by force, or

without paying for it. And not only were these laws well calculated for their object, but the she-commander-in-chief and her lieutenant *Paou* were vigilant in seeing them observed, and strict in every transaction.

By these means an admirable discipline was maintained on board the ships, and the peasantry on shore never let the pirates want for gunpowder, provisions, or any other necessary. On a piratical expedition, either to advance or to retreat without orders, was a capital offence.

Under these philosophical institutions, and the guidance of a woman, the robbers continued to scour the China sea, plundering every vessel they came near; but it is to be remarked, in their delicate phraseology, the robbing of a ship's cargo was not called by any such vulgar term—it was merely styled “a transshipping of goods.”

According to our Chinese historian *Yuen Tsze*, who shows throughout an inclination to treat *Paou* as Homer did some of his doughtier heroes, the herculean lieutenant gained an increase of reputation by lifting up himself, in the Temple dedicated to the “Three Old Women,” on the sea coast, a heavy image, which all the men together who accompanied him could not so much as move from

its base. By the lieutenant's orders, this cumbrous statue was carried aboard ship, where the superstitious pirates dreaded from the wrath of the idol, or the Three Old Women, an inevitable and general death in the next storm or next fight. It did not, however, so turn out ; for a few months after, when the great war Mandarin, Kwolang-lin, sailed from the Bocca Tigris into the sea to fight the pirates, Paou, the idol-lifter and lieutenant of Ching-yih's widow, gave him a tremendous drubbing, and gained a splendid victory. In this battle, which lasted from morning till night, the Mandarin Kwolang-lin, a desperate fellow himself, levelled a gun at Paou, who fell on his deck as the piece went off ; his disheartened crew concluded it was all over with him, and that the "Three Old Women" had had their spite. But Paou was quick-eyed as he was strong-limbed ; he had seen the unfriendly intention of the Mandarin, and thrown himself down ; but no sooner had the shot gone over him, than he "stood up again, firm and upright, so that all thought he was a spirit." The great Mandarin who had meant him this ugly compliment, was soon after, with fifteen of his junks (three others had been sunk) taken prisoner. The pirate lieutenant-chief would have dealt mercifully with him,

but the fierce old man suddenly seized him by the hair on the crown of his head, and grinned at him, so that he might provoke him to slay him. But even then Paou was moderate, speaking kindly to the old Mandarin, and trying to soothe him. Upon this, "Kwolang-lin, seeing himself deceived in his expectation, and that he could not attain death by such means, committed suicide—being then a man of seventy years of age."

"There were in this battle," continues the Chinese historian, "three of my friends; the lieutenant Tao-tae-lin, Tsao-tang-hoo, and Ying-tang-hwang, serving under the former. Lin and Hoo were killed, but Hwang escaped when all was surrounded with smoke, and he it was who told me the whole affair."

Not long after, another great Mandarin, called Lin-fa, who went out to wage war against the pirates, was equally unsuccessful. He no sooner came in sight of those he was looking for, than his fleet, panic struck at their numbers and martial appearance, changed their tack, and tried to run back to port. But the fleet of Mistress Ching and her bold lieutenant were too quick for the Imperial forces. They came up with them near a place called Olang-pae, and there, their vessels being

rendered motionless by a dead calm, the daring pirates threw themselves into the sea, and swimming to the Mandarin's ships, boarded and took six of them. The Mandarin was killed.

In the next adventure on record, a party of the pirates sustained a rude check from a lofty argosie, laden with goods from Cochin-China and Tung King, and were obliged to retire to their boats: "a circumstance," saith the historian, "which never happened before."

In the action after this, they were still more severely handled. The great Admiral Tsuen-Mow-Sun, proceeded with a hundred vessels to attack the pirates, who did not retreat, but drew up in line of battle, and made a tremendous attack on the imperial fleet, where an immense number fell, between killed and wounded. The ropes and sails* having been set on fire by the guns of the Emperor's ships, the pirates became exceedingly afraid, and took them away. The Admiral directed his fire against their steerage, that they might not be able to steer their vessels. Being very close one to the other, the pirates were exposed to the fire of all the four lines of the Admiral's fleet at once.

* It must be remembered that the Chinese sails are nothing more than mats.

The pirates opened their eyes in astonishment, and fell down; the Chinese commander advanced courageously, laid hold of their vessels, killed an immense number of men, and took about two hundred prisoners. "There was a pirate's wife in one of the boats, holding so fast by the helm, that she could scarcely be taken away. Having two cutlasses, she desperately defended herself, and wounded some soldiers; but on being wounded by a match-lock ball, she fell back into the vessel, and was taken prisoner."

But the tarnished laurels of the pirates were soon brightened; for when the said Tsuen-mow-Sun went to attack them in the bay of Kwang-chow, the widow of Ching-yih, remaining quiet with part of her ships, sent her bold lieutenant Paou to make an attack on the front of the Admiral's line. When the fight was well begun, the rest of the pirate's ships, that had been lying *perdus*, came upon the Admiral's rear, and presently surrounded him.—"Then," saith the historian, "our squadron was scattered, thrown into disorder, and consequently cut to pieces: there was a noise which rent the sky; every man fought in his own defence, and scarcely a hundred remained together. The squadron of the wife of Ching-yih overpowered us

by numbers; our commander was not able to protect his lines, they were broken, and we lost fourteen ships."

The next fight being very characteristically described, must be given entire in the words of our Chinese historian.

"Our men-of-war escorting some merchant ships, in the fourth moon of the same year, happened to meet the pirate chief nicknamed 'The Jewel of all the Crew,' cruising at sea. The traders became exceedingly frightened, but our commander said: 'This not being the flag of the widow Ching-yih, we are a match for them, therefore we will attack and conquer them.' Then ensued a battle; they attacked each other with guns and stones, and many people were killed and wounded. The fighting ceased towards the evening, and began again next morning. The pirates and the men-of-war were very close to each other, and they boasted mutually about their strength and valour. It was a very hard fight; the sound of cannon, and the cries of the combatants, were heard some *le** distant. The traders remained at some distance; they saw the pirates mixing gunpowder in their

* *Le*, a Chinese mile.—"I compute," says Bell, "five of their miles to be about two and a half English.

beverage,—they looked instantly red about the face and the eyes, and then fought desperately. This fighting continued three days and nights incessantly ; at last, becoming tired on both sides, they separated."

To understand this inglorious bulletin, the reader must remember that many of the combatants only handled bows and arrows, and pelted stones, and that Chinese powder and guns are both exceedingly bad. The bathos of the conclusion does somewhat remind one of the Irishman's despatch during the American war—"It was a bloody battle while it lasted ; and the serjeant of marines lost his cartouche-box."

The pirates continuing their depredations, plundered and burned a number of towns and villages on the coast, and carried off a number of prisoners of both sexes. From one place alone, they carried off fifty-three women.

The Admiral Ting Kwei was then sent to sea against them. This man was surprised at anchor by the ever vigilant and active Paou, to whom many fishermen, and other people on the coast, must have acted as friendly spies. Seeing escape impossible, and that his officers stood pale and inactive by the flag-staff, the Admiral conjured them,

by their fathers and mothers, their wives and children, and by hopes of brilliant reward if they succeeded, and of vengeance if they perished, to do their duty, and the combat began. The Admiral had the good fortune, at the onset, of killing with one of his great guns the pirate captain, "the Jewel of all the Crew;" but the robbers swarmed thicker and thicker around him, and when the dreaded Paou lay him by the board, without help or hope, the Mandarin killed himself. An immense number of his men perished in the sea, and twenty-five vessels were lost.

After this defeat it was resolved by the Chinese Government to cut off all their supplies of provision, and, if possible, starve the pirates. All vessels that were in port, of whatsoever kind they might be, were ordered to remain there, and those at sea, or on the coast, speedily to return. The Government officers, for once, seem to have done their duty, and been very vigilant; but the pirates, full of confidence, now resolved to attack the harbours themselves, and to ascend the rivers, which are navigable for many miles up the country, and on which the most prosperous towns and villages are generally situated.

The Canton river discharges itself into the sea

by many channels, through three of which the robbers forced their passage. Hitherto they had robbed in the open sea outside the Canton river, and when the Chinese thus saw them venturing above the Government forts, and threatening the defenceless inland country, their consternation was greater than ever.

The pirates separated: Mistress Ching plundering in one place; Paou, in another; O-po-tae, in another, &c.

It was at this time that Mr. Glasspoole had the ill fortune to fall into their power. This gentleman, then an officer in the East India Company's ship the Marquis of Ely, which was anchored under an island about twelve miles from Macao, was ordered to proceed to the latter place with a boat to procure a pilot. He left the ship in one of the cutters, with seven British seamen well-armed, on the 17th September 1809. He reached Macao in safety, and having done his business there and procured a pilot, returned towards the ship the following day. But, unfortunately, the ship had weighed anchor and was under sail, and in consequence of equally weather, accompanied with thick fogs, the boat could not reach her, and Mr. Glasspoole and his men and the pilot were left at sea, in an open

boat. "Our situation," says that gentleman, "was truly distressing—night closing fast, with a threatening appearance, blowing fresh, with hard rain and a heavy sea; our boat very leaky, without a compass, anchor, or provisions, and drifting fast on a lee-shore, surrounded with dangerous rocks, and inhabited by the most barbarous pirates."

After suffering dreadfully for three whole days, Mr. Glasspoole, by the advice of the pilot, made for a narrow channel, where he presently discovered three large boats at anchor, which, on seeing the English boat, weighed and made sail towards it. The pilot told Mr. Glasspoole they were Ladrões, and that if they captured the boat, they would certainly put them all to death! After rowing tremendously for six hours they escaped these boats, but on the following morning falling in with a large fleet of the pirates, which the English mistook for fishing-boats, they were captured.

"About twenty savage-looking villains," says Mr. Glasspoole, "who were stowed at the bottom of a boat, leaped on board us. They were armed with a short sword in either hand, one of which they layed upon our necks, and pointed the other to our breasts, keeping their eyes fixed on their officer, waiting his signal to cut or desist. Seeing

we were incapable of making any resistance, the officer sheathed his sword, and the others immediately followed his example. They then dragged us into their boat, and carried us on board one of their junks, with the most savage demonstrations of joy, and, as we supposed, to torture and put us to a cruel death."

When on board the junk they rifled the Englishmen, and brought heavy chains to chain them to the deck.

"At this time a boat came, and took me, with one of my men and the interpreter, on board the chief's vessel. I was then taken before the chief. He was seated on deck, in a large chair, dressed in purple silk, with a black turban on. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, a stout commanding-looking man. He took me by the coat, and drew me close to him; then questioned the interpreter very strictly, asking who we were, and what was our business in that part of the country. I told him to say we were Englishmen in distress, having been four days at sea without provisions. This he would not credit, but said we were bad men, and that he would put us all to death; and then ordered some men to put the interpreter to the torture until he confessed the truth. Upon

this occasion, a Ladrone, who had been once to England and spoke a few words of English, came to the chief, and told him we were really Englishmen, and that we had plenty of money, adding that the buttons on my coat were gold. The chief then ordered us some coarse brown rice, of which we made a tolerable meal, having eaten nothing for nearly four days, except a few green oranges. During our repast, a number of Ladrones crowded round us, examining our clothes and hair, and giving us every possible annoyance. Several of them brought swords, and laid them on our necks, making signs that they would soon take us on shore, and cut us in pieces, which I am sorry to say was the fate of some hundreds during my captivity. I was now summoned before the chief, who had been conversing with the interpreter; he said I must write to my captain, and tell him, if he did not send an hundred thousand dollars for our ransom, in ten days he would put us all to death."

After vainly expostulating to lessen the ransom, Mr. Glasspoole wrote the letter, and a small boat came alongside and took it to Macao.

"About six o'clock in the evening they gave us some rice and a little salt fish, which we ate, and they made signs for us to lie down on the deck to

sleep; but such numbers of Ladronees were constantly coming from different vessels to see us, and examine our clothes and hair, they would not allow us a moment's quiet. They were particularly anxious for the buttons of my coat, which were new, and as they supposed gold. I took it off, and laid it on the deck to avoid being disturbed by them; it was taken away in the night, and I saw it on the next day stripped of its buttons."

Early in the night the fleet sailed and anchored about one o'clock the following day in a bay under the island of Lantow, where the head admiral of Ladronees (our acquaintance Paou) was lying at anchor, with about two hundred vessels and a Portuguese brig they had captured a few days before, and the captain and part of the crew of which they had murdered. Early the next morning, a fishing-boat came to inquire if they had captured an European boat: they came to the vessel the English were in.

"One of the boatmen spoke a few words of English, and told me he had a Ladrone-pass, and was sent by our captain in search of us; I was rather surprised to find he had no letter. He appeared to be well acquainted with the chief, and remained in his cabin smoking opium, and playing

cards all the day. In the evening I was summoned with the interpreter before the chief. He questioned us in a much milder tone, saying, he now believed we were Englishmen, a people he wished to be friendly with; and that if our captain would lend him seventy thousand dollars till he returned from his cruise up the river, he would repay him, and send us all to Macao. I assured him it was useless writing on those terms, and unless our ransom was speedily settled, the English fleet would sail, and render our enlargement altogether ineffectual. He remained determined, and said if it were not sent, he would keep us, and make us fight, or put us to death. I accordingly wrote, and gave my letter to the man belonging to the boat beforementioned. He said he could not return with an answer in less than five days. The chief now gave me the letter I wrote when first taken. I have never been able to ascertain his reasons for detaining it, but suppose he dared not negotiate for our ransom without orders from the head admiral, who I understood was sorry at our being captured. He said the English ships would join the Mandarins and attack them."

While the fleet lay here, one night the Portuguese who were left in the captured brig murdered

the Ladrões that were on board of her, cut the cables, and fortunately escaped through the darkness of the night.

“ At day-light the next morning, the fleet, amounting to above five hundred sail of different sizes, weighed, to proceed on their intended cruise up the rivers, to levy contributions on the towns and villages. It is impossible to describe what were my feelings at this critical time, having received no answers to my letters, and the fleet under-way to sail—hundreds of miles up a country never visited by Europeans, there to remain probably for many months, which would render all opportunities of negotiating for our enlargement totally ineffectual; as the only method of communication is by boats that have a pass from the Ladrões, and they dare not venture above twenty miles from Macao, being obliged to come and go in the night, to avoid the Mandarins; and if these boats should be detected in having any intercourse with the Ladrões, they are immediately put to death, and all their relations, though they had not joined in the crime,* share in the punishment, in order

* That the whole family must suffer for the crime of one individual, seems to be the most cruel and foolish law of the whole Chinese criminal code.

that not a single person of their families should be left to imitate their crimes or revenge their death."

The following is a very touching incident in Mr. Glasspoole's narrative.

"Wednesday the 26th of September, at daylight, we passed in sight of our own ships, at anchor under the island of Chun Po. The chief then called me, pointed to the ships, and told the interpreter to tell us to look at them, for we should never see them again! About noon we entered a river to the westward of the Bogue,* three or four miles from the entrance. We passed a large town situated on the side of a beautiful hill, which is tributary to the Ladrones; the inhabitants saluted them with songs as they passed."

After committing numerous minor robberies; "The Ladrones now prepared to attack a town with a formidable force, collected in row-boats from the different vessels. They sent a messenger to the town, demanding a tribute of ten thousand dollars annually, saying, if these terms were not complied with, they would land, destroy the town, and murder all the inhabitants: which they would certainly have done, had the town laid in a more ad-

* The Hoo-mun, or Bocca Tigris.

vantageous situation for their purpose ; but being placed out of the reach of their shot, they allowed them to come to terms. The inhabitants agreed to pay six thousand dollars, which they were to collect by the time of our return down the river. This finesse had the desired effect, for during our absence they mounted a few guns on a hill, which commanded the passage, and gave us in lieu of the dollars a warm salute on our return.

“ October the 1st, the fleet weighed in the night, dropped by the tide up the river, and anchored very quietly before a town surrounded by a thick wood. Early in the morning the Ladrões assembled in row-boats, and landed ; then gave a shout, and rushed into the town, sword in hand. The inhabitants fled to the adjacent hills, in numbers apparently superior to the Ladrões. We may easily imagine to ourselves the horror with which these miserable people must be seized, on being obliged to leave their homes, and everything dear to them. It was a most melancholy sight to see women in tears, clasping their infants in their arms, and imploring mercy for them from those brutal robbers ! The old and the sick, who were unable to fly, or to make resistance, were either made prisoners or most inhumanly butchered !

The boats continued passing and repassing from the junks to the shore, in quick succession, laden with booty, and the men besmeared with blood! Two hundred and fifty women and several children, were made prisoners, and sent on board different vessels. They were unable to escape with the men, owing to that abominable practice of cramping their feet: several of them were not able to move without assistance, in fact, they might all be said to totter, rather than walk. Twenty of these poor women were sent on board the vessel I was in; they were hauled on board by the hair, and treated in a most savage manner. When the chief came on board, he questioned them respecting the circumstances of their friends, and demanded ransoms accordingly, from six thousand to six hundred dollars each. He ordered them a berth on deck, at the after part of the vessel, where they had nothing to shelter them from the weather, which at this time was very variable—the days excessively hot, and the nights cold, with heavy rains. The town being plundered of every thing valuable, it was set on fire, and reduced to ashes by the morning. The fleet remained here three days, negotiating for the ransom

of the prisoners, and plundering the fish-tanks and gardens. During all this time, the Chinese never ventured from the hills, though there were frequently not more than a hundred Ladrones on shore at a time, and I am sure the people on the hills exceeded ten times that number.*

“October the 5th, the fleet proceeded up another branch of the river, stopping at several small villages to receive tribute, which was generally paid in dollars, sugar, and rice, with a few large pigs roasted whole, as presents for their Joss (the idol they worship).† Every person, on being ransomed, is obliged to present him with a pig, or some fowls, which the priest offers him with prayers; it remains before him a few hours, and is then divided amongst the crew. Nothing particular occurred till the 10th, except frequent skirmishes on shore between small parties of Ladrones and Chinese soldiers. They frequently obliged my men to go on shore, and fight with the muskets we

* The following is the character of the Chinese of Canton, as given in ancient Chinese books:—“People of Canton are silly, light, weak in body, and weak in mind, without any ability to fight on land.”—The Indo-Chinese Gleaner, No. 19.

† Joss is a Chinese corruption of the Portuguese Dios, God.

had when taken, which did great execution, the Chinese principally using bows and arrows. They have match-locks, but use them very unskilfully.

“On the 10th, we formed a junction with the Black-squadron, and proceeded many miles up a wide and beautiful river, passing several ruins of villages that had been destroyed by the Black-squadron. On the 17th, the fleet anchored abreast four mud batteries, which defended a town, so entirely surrounded with wood that it was impossible to form any idea of its size. The weather was very hazy, with hard squalls of rain. The Ladrões remained perfectly quiet for two days. On the third day the forts commenced a brisk fire for several hours: the Ladrões did not return a single shot, but weighed in the night and dropped down the river. The reasons they gave for not attacking the town, or returning the fire, were, that Joss had not promised them success. They are very superstitious, and consult their idol on all occasions. If his omens are good, they will undertake the most daring enterprises. The fleet now anchored opposite the ruins of the town where the women had been made prisoners. Here we remained five or six days, during which time about an hundred of the women were ransomed; the

remainder were offered for sale amongst the Lardrones, for forty dollars each. The woman is considered the lawful wife of the purchaser, who would be put to death if he discarded her. Several of them leaped overboard and drowned themselves, rather than submit to such infamous degradation."

Our friend Yuen-tsze, the native Chinese historian of the pirates, from whom I have quoted so copiously, agrees very closely, in all this river warfare and carrying off women, with Mr. Glasspoole's account. At this particular part of the warfare he introduces the following story:—

"Mei-ying, the wife of Ke-choo-yang, was very beautiful, and a pirate being about to seize her by the head, she abused him exceedingly. The pirate bound her to the yard-arm; but on abusing him yet more, the pirate dragged her down and broke two of her teeth, which filled her mouth and jaws with blood. The pirate sprang up again to bind her. Ying allowed him to approach, but as soon as he came near her, she laid hold of his garments with her bleeding mouth, and threw both him and herself into the river, where they were drowned. The remaining captives of both sexes were after some months liberated, on having paid

a ransom of fifteen thousand leang or ounces of silver."

So much was the sage historian affected by this event, that he became poetical. "I was affected," he says, "by the virtuous behaviour of Mei-ying, and all generous men will, as I suppose, be moved by the same feelings. I, therefore, composed a song, mourning her fate:—

"Cease fighting now for awhile!
 Let us call back the flowing waves!
 Who opposed the enemy in time?
 A single wife could overpower him.
 Streaming with blood, she grasped the mad offspring of
 guilt,
 She held fast the man and threw him into the meandering
 stream.
 The spirit of the water, wandering up and down on the
 waves,
 Was astonished at the virtue of Ying.
 My song is at an end!
 Waves meet each other continually.
 I see the water green as mountain Peih,
 But the brilliant fire returns no more!
 How long did we mourn and cry!"

"I am compelled," says the ingenious translator, M. Neumann, "to give a free translation of this

verse, and confess myself not quite certain of the signification of the poetical figures used by our author."

We in our turn must *confess* that we cannot make much sense of his version.

"The fleet then weighed," continues Mr. Glasspoole, "and made sail down the river, to receive the ransom from the town before-mentioned. As we passed the hill, they fired several shot at us, but without effect. The Ladrões were much exasperated, and determined to revenge themselves; they dropped out of reach of their shot, and anchored. Every junk sent about a hundred men each on shore, to cut paddy, and destroy their orange-groves, which was most effectually performed for several miles down the river. During our stay here, they received information of nine boats lying up a creek, laden with paddy; boats were immediately dispatched after them. Next morning these boats were brought to the fleet; ten or twelve men were taken in them. As these had made no resistance, the chief said he would allow them to become Ladrões, if they agreed to take the usual oaths before Joss. Three or four of them refused to comply, for which they were punished in the following cruel manner: their

hands were tied behind their backs, a rope from the mast-head rove through their arms, and hoisted three or four feet from the deck, and five or six men flogged them with three rattans twisted together till they were apparently dead; then hoisted them up to the mast-head, and left them hanging nearly an hour, then lowered them down, and repeated the punishment, till they died or complied with the oath.

“October the 20th, in the night, an express-boat came with the information that a large Mandarin fleet was proceeding up the river to attack us. The pirate chief immediately weighed, with fifty of the largest vessels, and sailed down the river to meet them. About one in the morning they commenced a heavy fire till day-light, when an express was sent for the remainder of the fleet to join them: about an hour after a counter order to anchor came, the Mandarin fleet having run. Two or three hours afterwards the chief returned with three captured vessels in tow, having sunk two, and eighty-three sail made their escape. The admiral of the Mandarins blew his vessel up, by throwing a lighted match into the magazine as the Ladrones were boarding her; she ran on shore,

and they succeeded in getting twenty of her guns. In this action very few prisoners were taken : the men belonging to the captured vessels drowned themselves, as they were sure of suffering a lingering and cruel death if taken after making resistance."

Passing over some personal concerns of the unfortunate English captives, we come to the following disagreeable dilemma, and adventures.

"On the 28th of October, I received a letter from Captain Kay, brought by a fisherman, who had told him he would get us all back for three thousand dollars. He advised me to offer three thousand, and if not accepted, extend it to four ; but not farther, as it was bad policy to offer much at first : at the same time assuring me we should be liberated, let the ransom be what it would. I offered the chief the three thousand, which he disdainfully refused, saying he was not to be played with ; and unless they sent ten thousand dollars, and two large guns, with several casks of gunpowder, he would soon put us all to death. I wrote to Captain Kay, and informed him of the chief's determination, requesting, if an opportunity offered, to send us a shift of clothes, for which it may be

easily imagined we were much distressed, having been seven weeks without a shift; although constantly exposed to the weather, and of course frequently wet.

“On the first of November, the fleet sailed up a narrow river, and anchored at night within two miles of a town called Little Whampoa. In front of it was a small fort, and several Mandarin vessels lying in the harbour. The chief sent the interpreter to me, saying, I must order my men to make cartridges and clean their muskets, ready to go on shore in the morning. I assured the interpreter I should give the men no such orders, that they must please themselves. Soon after the chief came on board, threatening to put us all to a cruel death if we refused to obey his orders. For my own part I remained determined, and advised the men not to comply, as I thought by making ourselves useful we should be accounted too valuable. A few hours afterwards he sent to me again, saying, that if myself and the quarter-master would assist them at the great guns, that if also the rest of the men went on shore and succeeded in taking the place, he would then take the money offered for our ransom, and give them twenty dollars for every Chinaman's head they cut off. To these proposals

we cheerfully acceded, in hopes of facilitating our deliverance."

Preferring the killing of Chinese to the living with pirates, our English tars therefore landed next day with about 3000 ruffians. Once in the fight they seem to have done their work *con amore*! and to have battled it as if they had been pirates themselves. Our friend, the Chinese historian, indeed, mentions a foreigner engaged in battle and doing great execution with a little musket, and sets him down, naturally enough, as "a foreign pirate!"

"The Mandarin vessels continued firing, having blocked up the entrance of the harbour to prevent the Ladrone boats entering. At this the Ladrones were much exasperated, and about three hundred of them swam on shore, with a short sword lashed close under each arm; they then ran along the banks of the river till they came abreast of the vessels, and then swam off again and boarded them. The Chinese thus attacked, leaped overboard, and endeavoured to reach the opposite shore; the Ladrones followed, and cut the greater number of them to pieces in the water. They next towed the vessels out of the harbour, and attacked the town with increased fury. The in-

habitants fought about a quarter of an hour, and then retreated to an adjacent hill, from which they were soon driven with great slaughter. After this the Ladrones returned, and plundered the town, every boat leaving it when laden. The Chinese on the hills perceiving most of the boats were off, rallied, and retook the town, after killing near two hundred Ladrones. One of my men was unfortunately lost in this dreadful massacre! The Ladrones landed a second time, drove the Chinese out of the town, then reduced it to ashes, and put all their prisoners to death, without regarding either age or sex! I must not omit to mention a most horrid (though ludicrous) circumstance which happened at this place. The Ladrones were paid by their chief ten dollars for every Chinaman's head they produced. One of my men turning the corner of a street was met by a Ladrone running furiously after a Chinese; he had a drawn sword in his hand, and two Chinaman's heads which he had cut off, tied by their tails, and slung round his neck. I was witness myself to some of them producing five or six to obtain payment!

"On the 4th of November an order arrived from the admiral for the fleet to proceed immediately

Banditti and Robbers.



CHINESE PIRATE.



to Lantow, where he was lying with only two vessels, and three Portuguese ships and a brig constantly annoying him; several sail of Mandarin vessels were daily expected. The fleet weighed and proceeded towards Lantow. On passing the island of Lintin, three ships and a brig gave chase to us. The Ladrones prepared to board; but night closing we lost sight of them: I am convinced they altered their course and stood from us. These vessels were in the pay of the Chinese Government, and styled themselves the Invincible Squadron, cruising in the river Tigris to annihilate the Ladrones!

“On the fifth, in the morning, the red squadron anchored in a bay under Lantow; the black squadron stood to the eastward. In the afternoon of the 8th of November, four ships, a brig, and a schooner came off the mouth of the bay. At first the pirates were much alarmed, supposing them to be English vessels come to rescue us. Some of them threatened to hang us to the mast-head for them to fire at; and with much difficulty we persuaded them that they were Portuguese. The Ladrones had only seven junks in a fit state for action; these they hauled outside, and moored

them head and stern across the bay, and manned all the boats belonging to the repairing vessels ready for boarding. The Portuguese observing these manœuvres hove to, and communicated by boats. Soon afterwards they made sail, each ship firing her broadside as she passed, but without effect, the shot falling far short. The Ladrones did not return a single shot, but waved their colours, and threw up rockets, to induce them to come further in, which they might easily have done, the outside junks lying in four fathoms water, which I sounded myself: though the Portuguese in their letters to Macao lamented there was not sufficient water for them to engage closer, but that they would certainly prevent their escaping before the Mandarin fleet arrived!

“On the 20th of November, early in the morning, discovered an immense fleet of Mandarin vessels standing for the bay. On nearing us, they formed a line, and stood close in; each vessel, as she discharged her guns, tacked to join the rear and reload. They kept up a constant fire for about two hours, when one of their largest vessels was blown up by a firebrand thrown from a Ladrone junk; after which they kept at a more respectful distance, but continued firing without in-

termission till the 21st at night, when it fell calm. The Ladrones towed out seven large vessels, with about two hundred row-boats to board them; but a breeze springing up, they made sail and escaped. The Ladrones returned into the bay, and anchored. The Portuguese and Mandarins followed, and continued a heavy cannonading during that night and the next day. The vessel I was in had her foremast shot away, which they supplied very expeditiously by taking a mainmast from a smaller vessel.

“On the 23rd, in the evening, it again fell calm; the Ladrones towed out fifteen junks in two divisions, with the intention of surrounding them, which was nearly effected, having come up with and boarded one, when a breeze suddenly sprang up. The captured vessel mounted twenty-two guns. Most of her crew leaped overboard; sixty or seventy were taken, immediately cut to pieces, and thrown into the river. Early in the morning the Ladrones returned into the bay, and anchored in the same situation as before. The Portuguese and Mandarins followed, keeping up a constant fire. The Ladrones never returned a single shot, but always kept in readiness to board, and the Portuguese were careful never to allow them an opportunity.

“ On the 28th, at night, they sent in eight fire-vessels, which if properly constructed must have done great execution, having every advantage they could wish for to effect their purpose; a strong breeze and tide directly into the bay, and the vessels lying so close together, that it was impossible to miss them. On their first appearance, the Ladrões gave a general shout, supposing them to be Mandarin vessels on fire, but were very soon convinced of their mistake. They came very regularly into the centre of the fleet, two and two, burning furiously; one of them came alongside of the vessel I was in, but they succeeded in booming her off. She appeared to be a vessel of about thirty tons; her hold was filled with straw and wood, and there were a few small boxes of combustibles on her deck, which exploded alongside of us without doing any damage. The Ladrões, however, towed them all on shore, extinguished the fire, and broke them up for fire-wood. The Portuguese* claim the credit of constructing these destructive machines, and actually sent a dispatch to

* These vain boasters afterwards printed and published at Lisbon a most exaggerated account of their inglorious skirmishes with the Chinese pirates.

the Governor of Macao, saying they had destroyed at least one-third of the Ladrones' fleet, and hoped soon to effect their purpose by totally annihilating them !

“ On the 29th of November, the Ladrones being all ready for sea, they weighed and stood boldly out, bidding defiance to the invincible squadron and imperial fleet, consisting of ninety-three war-junks, six Portuguese ships, a brig, and a schooner. Immediately the Ladrones weighed, they made all sail. The Ladrones chased them two or three hours, keeping up a constant fire ; finding they did not come up with them, they hauled their wind, and stood to the eastward. Thus terminated the boasted blockade, which lasted nine days, during which time the Ladrones completed all their repairs. In this action not a single Ladrone vessel was destroyed, and their loss about thirty or forty men. An American was also killed, one of three that remained out of eight taken in a schooner. I had two very narrow escapes : the first, a twelve pounder shot fell within three or four feet of me ; another took a piece out of a small brass-swivel on which I was standing. The chief's wife* frequently

* Probably the wife of Ching-yih, whose family name was Shih, or stone.

sprinkled me with garlic-water, which they considered an effectual charm against shot. The fleet continued under sail all night, steering towards the eastward. In the morning they anchored in a large bay surrounded by lofty and barren mountains.

“ On the 2nd of December I received a letter from Lieutenant Maughn, commander of the Honourable Company's cruiser *Antelope*, saying that he had the ransom on board, and had been three days cruising after us, and wished me to settle with the chief on the securest method of delivering it. The chief agreed to send us in a small gun-boat till we came within sight of the *Antelope*; then the compradore's boat was to bring the ransom and receive us. I was so agitated at receiving this joyful news, that it was with considerable difficulty I could scrawl about two or three lines to inform Lieutenant Maughn of the arrangements I had made. We were all so deeply affected by the gratifying tidings, that we seldom closed our eyes, but continued watching day and night for the boat.

“ On the 6th she returned with Lieutenant Maughn's answer, saying, he would respect any single boat; but would not allow the fleet to approach him. The chief then, according to his

first proposal, ordered a gun-boat to take us, and with no small degree of pleasure we left the Ladrone fleet about four o'clock in the afternoon. At one P.M. saw the Antelope under all sail, standing towards us. The Ladrone boat immediately anchored, and dispatched the compradore's boat for the ransom, saying, that if she approached nearer, they would return to the fleet; and they were just weighing when she shortened sail, and anchored about two miles from us. The boat did not reach her till late in the afternoon, owing to the tide's being strong against her. She received the ransom and left the Antelope just before dark. A Mandarin boat that had been lying concealed under the land, and watching their manœuvres, gave chase to her, and was within a few fathoms of taking her, when she saw a light, which the Ladrones answered, and the Mandarin hauled off. Our situation was now a most critical one; the ransom was in the hands of the Ladrones, and the compradore dare not return with us for fear of a second attack from the Mandarin boat. The Ladrones would not remain till morning, so we were obliged to return with them to the fleet. In the morning the chief inspected the ransom, which consisted of the following articles: two bales of

superfine scarlet cloth ; two chests of opium ; two casks of gunpowder ; and a telescope ; the rest in dollars. He objected to the telescope not being new ; and said he should detain one of us till another was sent, or a hundred dollars in lieu of it. The compradore, however, agreed with him for the hundred dollars. Every thing being at length settled, the chief ordered two gun-boats to convey us near the Antelope ; we saw her just before dusk, when the Ladrone boats left us. We had the inexpressible pleasure of arriving on board the Antelope at seven P.M., where we were most cordially received, and heartily congratulated on our safe and happy deliverance from a miserable captivity, which we had endured for eleven weeks and three days. (Signed) RICHARD GLASSPOOLE."

" CHINA, December 8th, 1809."

The following notes added to Mr. Glasspoole's very interesting account of these eastern pirates, will show how ill he fared during his detention among them, and that with all their impunity of plundering, their lives were but wretched and beastly.

" The Ladrones have no settled residence on shore, but live constantly in their vessels. The

after-part is appropriated to the captain and his wives; he generally has five or six. With respect to conjugal rights they are religiously strict; no person is allowed to have a woman on board, unless married to her according to their laws. Every man is allowed a small berth, about four feet square, where he stows with his wife and family. From the number of souls crowded in so small a space, it must naturally be supposed they are horribly dirty, which is evidently the case, and their vessels swarm with all kinds of vermin. Rats in particular, which they encourage to breed, and eat them as great delicacies;* in fact, there are very few creatures they will not eat. During our captivity we lived three weeks on caterpillars boiled with rice. They are much addicted to gambling, and spend all their leisure hours at cards and smoking opium."

At the time of Mr. Glasspoole's liberation, the pirates were at the height of their power; after such repeated victories over the Mandarin ships, they had set at nought the Imperial allies—the Portuguese, and not only the coast, but the rivers of the celestial empire seemed to be at their

* The Chinese in Canton only eat a particular sort of rat, which is very large and of a whitish colour.

discretion—and yet their formidable association did not many months survive this event. It was not, however, defeat, that reduced it to the obedience of the laws. On the contrary, that extraordinary woman, the widow of Ching-yih, and the daring Paou, were victorious and more powerful than ever, when dissensions broke out among the pirates themselves. Ever since the favour of the chieftainess had elevated Paou to the general command, there had been enmity and altercations between him and the chief O-po-tae, who commanded one of the flags or divisions of the fleet; and it was only by the deference and respect they both owed to Ching-yih's widow, that they had been prevented from turning their arms against each other long before.

At length, when the brave Paou was surprised and cooped up by a strong blockading force of the Emperor's ships, O-po-tae showed all his deadly spite, and refused to obey the orders of Paou, and even of the chieftainess, which were, that he should sail to the relief of his rival.

Paou, with his bravery and usual good fortune, broke through the blockade, but when he came in contact with O-po-tae, his rage was too violent to be restrained.

O-po-tae at first pleaded that his means and strength had been insufficient to do what had been expected of him, but concluded by saying,—“Am I bound to come and join the forces of Paou?”

“Would you then separate from us!” cried Paou, more enraged than ever.

O-po-tae answered: “I will not separate myself.”

Paou:—“Why then do you not obey the orders of the wife of Ching-yih and my own? What is this else than separation, that you do not come to assist me, when I am surrounded by the enemy? I have sworn it that I will destroy thee, wicked man, that I may do away with this soreness on my back.”

The summons of Paou, when blockaded, to O-po-tae was in language equally figurative:—“I am harassed by the Government’s officers outside in the sea; lips and teeth must help one another, if the lips are cut away the teeth will feel cold. How shall I alone be able to fight the Government forces? You should therefore come at the head of your crew, to attack the Government squadron in the rear, I will then come out of my station and make an attack in front; the enemy being so taken in the front and rear, will, even supposing we can-

not master him, certainly be thrown into disorder."

The angry words of Paou were followed by others, and then by blows. Paou, though at the moment far inferior in force, first began the fight, and ultimately sustained a sanguinary defeat, and the loss of sixteen vessels. Our loathing for this cruel, detestable race, must be increased by the fact, that the victors massacred all their prisoners—or three hundred men !

This was the death-blow to the confederacy which had so long defied the Emperor's power, and which might have effected his dethronement. O-po-tae dreading the vengeance of Paou and his mistress, Ching-yih's widow, whose united forces would have quintupled his own, gained over his men to his views, and proffered a submission to Government, on condition of free pardon, and a proper provision for all.

The petition of the pirates is so curious a production, and so characteristic of the Chinese, that it deserves to be inserted at length. "It is my humble opiniou that all robbers of an overpowering force, whether they had their origin from this or any other cause, have felt the humanity of Government at different times. Leang-shan, who three

times plundered the city, was nevertheless pardoned, and at last made a minister of state. Wang often challenged the arms of his country, and was suffered to live, and at last made a cornerstone of the empire. Joo-ming pardoned seven times Mang-hwo; and Kwan-kung three times set Tsaou-tsaou at liberty. Ma-yuen pursued not the exhausted robbers; and Yo-fei killed not those who made their submission. There are many other instances of such transactions both in former and recent times, by which the country was strengthened, and government increased its power. We now live in a very populous age; some of us could not agree with their relations, and were driven out like noxious weeds. Some, after having tried all they could, without being able to provide for themselves, at last joined bad society. Some lost their property by shipwrecks; some withdrew into this watery empire to escape from punishment. In such a way those who in the beginning were only three or five, were in the course of time increased to a thousand or ten thousand, and so it went on increasing every year. Would it not have been wonderful if such a multitude, being in want of their daily bread, had not resorted to plunder and robbery to gain their subsistence, since

they could not in any other manner be saved from famine? It was from necessity that the laws of the empire were violated, and the merchants robbed of their goods. Being deprived of our land and of our native places, having no house or home to resort to, and relying only on the chances of wind and water, even could we for a moment forget our griefs, we might fall in with a man-of-war, who with stones, darts, and guns, would knock out our brains! Even if we dared to sail up a stream and boldly go on with anxiety of mind under wind, rain, and stormy weather, we must everywhere prepare for fighting. Whether we went to the east, or to the west, and after having felt all the hardships of the sea, the night dew was our only dwelling, and the rude wind our meal. But now we will avoid these perils, leave our connexions, and desert our comrades; we will make our submission. The power of Government knows no bounds; it reaches to the islands in the sea, and every man is afraid and sighs. Oh we must be destroyed by our crimes, none can escape who opposeth the laws of Government. May you then feel compassion for those who are deserving of death; may you sustain us by your humanity!"

The Government that had made so many lament-

able displays of its weakness, was glad to make an unreal parade of its mercy. It was but too happy to grant all the conditions instantly, and, in the fulsome language of its historians, "feeling that compassion is the way of heaven—that it is the right way to govern by righteousness—it therefore redeemed these pirates from destruction, and pardoned their former crimes."

O-po-tae, however, had hardly struck his free flag, and the pirates were hardly in the power of the Chinese, when it was proposed by many that they should all be treacherously murdered. The governor happened to be more honourable and humane, or probably, only more politic than those who made this foul proposal—he knew that such a bloody breach of faith would for ever prevent the pirates still in arms from voluntarily submitting; he knew equally well, even weakened as they were by O-po-tae's defection, that the Government could not reduce them by force, and he thought by keeping his faith with them, he might turn the force of those who had submitted against those who still held out, and so destroy the pirates with the pirates. Consequently the eight thousand men, it had been proposed to cut off in cold blood, were allowed to remain uninjured, and their leader, O-po-tae, having

changed his name to that of Heo bëen, or "The Lustre of Instruction," was elevated to the rank of an Imperial Officer.

The widow of Ching-yih, and her favourite Paou, continued for some months to pillage the coast, and to beat the Chinese and the Mandarins' troops and ships, and seemed almost as strong as before the separation of O-po-tae's flag. But that example was probably operating in the minds of many of the outlaws, and finally the lawless heroine herself, who was the spirit that kept the complicate body together, seeing that O-po-tae had been made a government officer, and that he continued to prosper, began also to think of making her submission.

"I am," said she, "ten times stronger than O-po-tae, and Government will perhaps, if I submit, act towards me as they have done with O-po-tae."

A rumour of her intentions having reached shore, the Mandarins sent off a certain Chow, a doctor of Macao, "Who," says the historian, "being already well acquainted with the pirates, did not need any introduction," to enter on preliminaries with them.

When the worthy practitioner presented himself to Paou, that friend concluded he had been com-

mitting some crime, and had come for safety to that general *refugium peccatorum*, the pirate fleet.

The Doctor explained, and assured the chief, that if he would submit, Government was inclined to treat him and his far more favourably and more honourably than O-po-tae. But if he continued to resist, not only a general arming of all the coast and the rivers, but O-po-tae was to proceed against him.

At this part of his narrative our Chinese historian is again so curious, that I shall quote his words at length.

“ When Fei-heung-Chow came to Paou, he said : ‘ Friend Paou, do you know why I come to you ? ’

“ Paou.—‘ Thou hast committed some crime and comest to me for protection ? ’

“ Chow.—‘ By no means. ’

“ Paou.—‘ You will then know, how it stands concerning the report about our submission, if it is true or false ? ’

“ Chow.—‘ You are again wrong here, Sir. What are you in comparison with O-po-tae ? ’

“ Paou.—‘ Who is bold enough to compare me with O-po-tae ? ’

“ Chow.—‘ I know very well that O-po-tae could not come up to you, Sir ; but I mean only, that

since O-po-tae has made his submission, since he has got his pardon and been created a Government officer,—how would it be, if you with your whole crew should also submit, and if his Excellency should desire to treat you in the same manner, and to give you the same rank as O-po-tae? Your submission would produce more joy to Government than the submission of O-po-tae. You should not wait for wisdom to act wisely; you should make up your mind to submit to the Government with all your followers. I will assist you in every respect, it would be the means of securing your own happiness and the lives of all your adherents.”

“Chang-paou remained like a statue without motion, and Fei-heung Chow went on to say: ‘You should think about this affair in time, and not stay till the last moment. Is it not clear that O-po-tae, since you could not agree together, has joined Government. He being enraged against you, will fight, united with the forces of the Government, for your destruction; and who could help you, so that you might overcome your enemies? If O-po-tae could before vanquish you quite alone, how much more can he now when he is united with Government? O-po-tae will then satisfy his hatred against

you, and you yourself will soon be taken either at Wei-chow or at Neaou-chow. If the merchant-vessels of Hwy-chaou, the boats of Kwang-chow, and all the fishing-vessels, unite together to surround and attack you in the open sea, you will certainly have enough to do. But even supposing they should not attack you, you will soon feel the want of provisions to sustain you and all your followers. It is always wisdom to provide before things happen; stupidity and folly never think about future events. It is too late to reflect upon events when things have happened; you should, therefore, consider this matter in time!"

Paou was puzzled, but after being closeted for some time with his mistress, Ching-yih's widow, who gave her high permission for him to make arrangements with Doctor Chow, he said he would repair with his fleet to the Bocca Tigris, and there communicate personally with the organs of Government.

After two visits had been paid to the pirate-fleets by two inferior Mandarins, who carried the Imperial proclamation of free pardon, and who, at the order of Ching-yih's widow, were treated to a sumptuous banquet by Paou, the Governor-general

of the province went himself in one vessel to the pirates' ships, that occupied a line of ten *le*, off the mouth of the river.

As the governor approached, the pirates hoisted their flags, played on their instruments, and fired their guns, so that the smoke rose in clouds, and then bent sail to meet him. On this the dense population that were ranged thousands after thousands along the shore, to witness the important reconciliation, became sorely alarmed, and the Governor-general seems to have had a strong inclination to run away. But in brief space of time, the long dreaded widow of Ching-yih, supported by her Lieutenant Paou, and followed by three other of her principal commanders, mounted the side of the governor's ship, and rushed through the smoke to the spot where his excellency was stationed; where they fell on their hands and knees, shed tears, knocked their heads on the deck before him, and received his gracious pardon, and promises for future kind treatment. They then withdrew satisfied, having promised to give in a list of their ships, and of all else they possessed, within three days.

But the sudden apparition of some large Portuguese ships, and some Government war-junks, made the pirates suspect treachery. They imme-

diately set sail, and the negotiations were interrupted for several days.

They were at last concluded by the boldness of their female leader. "If the Governor-general," said this heroine, "a man of the highest rank, could come to us quite alone, why should not I, a mean woman, go to the officers of Government? If there be danger in it, I take it all on myself; no person among you need trouble himself about me—my mind is made up, and I will go to Canton!"

Paou said—"If the widow of Ching-yih goes, we must fix a time for her return. If this pass without our obtaining certain information, we must collect all our forces, and go before Canton: this is my opinion as to what ought to be done; comrades, let me hear yours!"

The pirates then, struck with the intrepidity of their chieftainess, and loving her more than ever, answered, "Friend Paou, we have heard thy opinion, but we think it better to wait for the news here, on the water, than to send the wife of Ching-yih alone to be killed." Nor would they allow her to leave the fleet.

Matters were in this state of indecision, when the two inferior Mandarins who had before visited the pirates, ventured out to repeat their visit.

These officers protested no treachery had been intended, and pledged themselves, that if the widow of Ching-yih would repair to the Governor, she would be kindly received, and every thing settled to their hearts' satisfaction.

With this, in the language of our old ballads, upspoke Mistress Ching. "You say well, gentlemen! and I will go myself to Canton with some other of our ladies, accompanied by you!" And accordingly, she and a number of the pirates' wives with their children, went fearlessly to Canton, arranged every thing, and found they had not been deceived. The fleet soon followed. On its arrival every vessel was supplied with pork and with wine, and every man (in lieu, it may be supposed, of his share of the vessels, and plundered property he resigned) received at the same time a bill for a certain quantity of money. Those who wished it, could join the military force of Government for pursuing the remaining pirates; and those who objected, dispersed and withdrew into the country. "This is the manner in which the great red squadron of the pirates was pacified."

The valiant Paou, following the example of his rival O-po-tae, entered into the service of Government, and proceeded against such of his former

